

**September  
29  
1954**

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BY APPOINTMENT  
GIN DISTILLERS  
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## You know her well

YOU HAVE SEEN HER at the theatre, in restaurants, at the tennis club. You have admired her poise, and perhaps you have envied her youthful enthusiasm and gaiety. You have seen her at work, too—in an office, or perhaps at one of the great airline terminals. There you have been impressed by the unobtrusive smartness of her clothes, and the way in which she manages to combine neatness and efficiency with natural charm. She is, in fact, a young woman with a personality of her own, a job of her own, a life of her own—and a magazine of her own: *Vanity Fair*.

## Vanity Fair

is a magazine for the younger, smarter woman. With the other well-known periodicals published by The National Magazine Company Limited, *Vanity Fair* shares one positive aim—to contribute something to the art of living graciously and well in this crowded century.

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# Harrods

HARRODS LTD

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## Third party at the breakfast table



"There's a margarine," remarked the Legal Giant, "that people *will* call Stork, instead of Stork *Margarine* as the Law demands." "You're eating it!" said his Legal Giantess. "Hang me," said the Legal Ex-giant, "It's *coram non judice* where I'm sitting! This delightfully creamy taste puts me against the Law!" "Trial before its peers?" suggested the Little Woman. "It has no peers!" "How about a plebistork?" "How about passing the Stork!" suggested the Illegal Giant, reaching for the toast.

Seriously though—what is an impartial judge to do when he suddenly becomes partial to Stork's creamy taste? For that old bread and butter, the Law, insists that it be called Stork *Margarine*. Let's not be too quick to agree *ex parte* that "the Law is an ass"; possibly it is just ignorant of the finer points of the Stork. But next time the Law shows its teeth, let's hope it will be to a generous slice of bread and Stork.

*The Law and the Palate beg to differ—*

**THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE**



"Poor sweet, she has to  
rough it rather — her family don't  
have an Agamatic."

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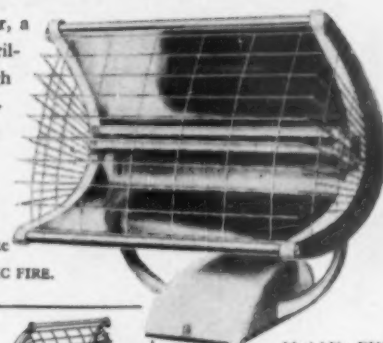


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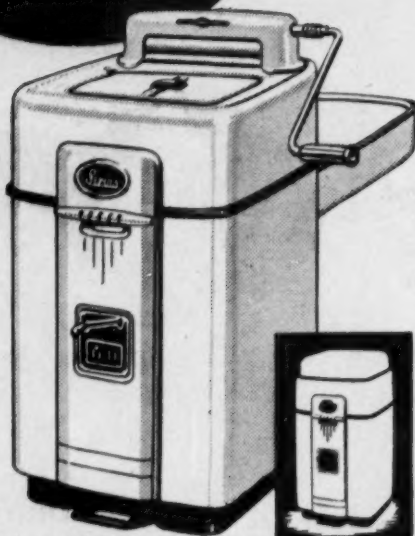
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Washes!  
Wrings &  
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*Cogent*



**NEW!**  
Four  
degrees of  
lighting

**...from one lamp!**

NEVER anything like this before! This new, delightfully attractive 'REGULITE' Table Lamp gives you brilliant light for close work, normal for ordinary use, subdued for rest and relaxation, glimmer for the nursery or sickroom—simply by turning the switch on the base!

Ideal also for adjusting the light for television viewing. Choice of colours—with matching shade and 3 yards of flex. Uses ordinary 60-watt bulb. For AC Mains.

PRICE: **£4. 7. 6.** Without shade: **£2. 18. 4.**

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**REGULITE**

**VARIABLE TABLE LAMP**

*The only lamp  
of its kind*

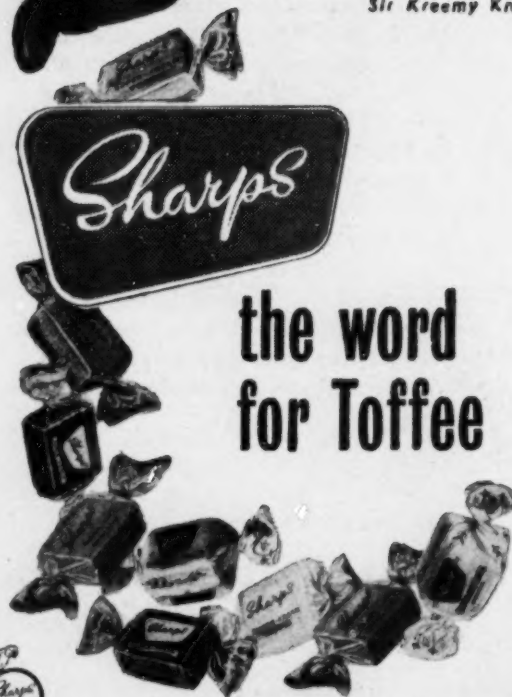
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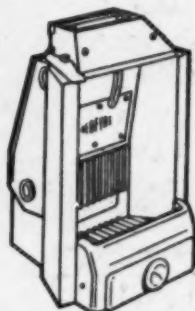
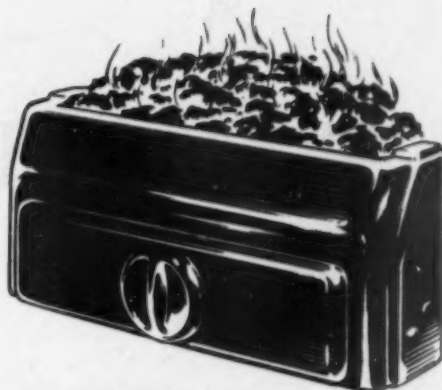
*"I'm awfully glad  
we bought a  
REDFYRE"*

Until we bought our Redfyre we would never have believed that it could do so much on so little fuel—transforming poor quality slack into a hot glowing fire, or burning coke as merrily as coal. We'd never realised that we could save so much on fuel. And we'd never guessed that life with a Redfyre could be so effortless and pleasant. Yes, *I'm awfully glad we bought a Redfyre!*

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Finished in lovely vitreous enamel with choice of colours.

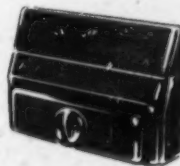


*there's also the*

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A Redfyre for your living room with a high output boiler concealed behind it! Ensures abundant hot water and heats two radiators.



BY NIGHT



BY DAY

*From your local distributor or Gas Board Showroom*  
**Newton Chambers & Co. Ltd., Thorncliffe, Nr. Sheffield**

*You can be  
proud of them*



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TRADE MARK

## HANDKERCHIEFS

PYRAMID handkerchiefs are soft finished ready for immediate use. Men's fancy white or colours 2/11; Initials 3/3; Plain white 2/6. Women's fancy white or colours 1/9; Initials 2/-

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See label on every  
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## Nature's Masterpieces

can be  
instantly  
recognised –  
– so can



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THIS IS HOW

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.



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MAKE

THE BEST

VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES\*



## Oil means brainwork

SHELL RESEARCH is one of the big brains-trusts of the world. You could call it a Graduate University of Applied Science, with ten specialist colleges.

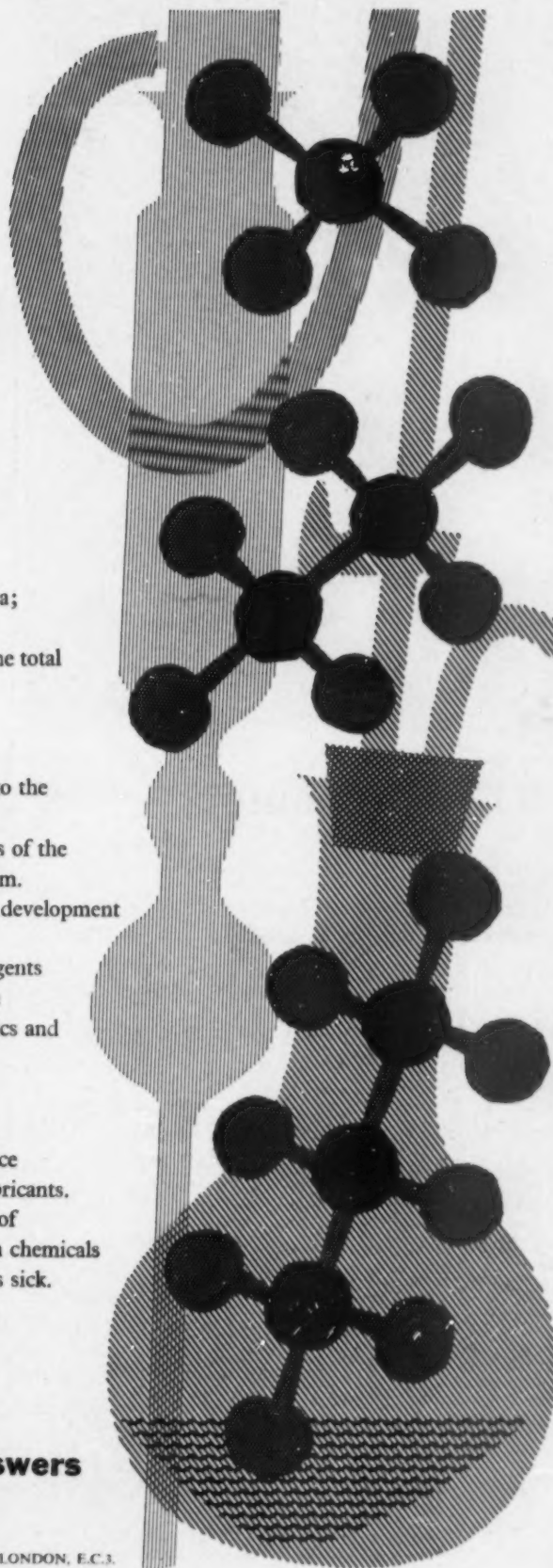
There are seven major Shell research laboratories: two in Holland, two in England, three in North America; and three agricultural research stations: one in England, two in North America. At last count, the total staff of those ten establishments was nearly 5,000. The back-room boys of a great industry.

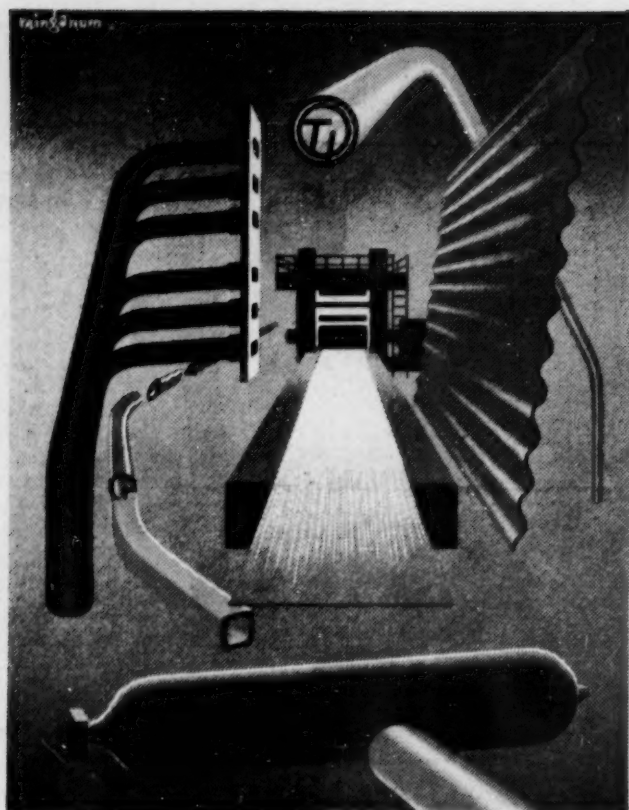
The main, perpetual task is to make fuels and lubricants provide bigger power and better protection to the modern engine in all its forms. But Shell Research has also been tackling some of the big general problems of the twentieth century. Malaria control was one such problem. The jet turbine was another. The war against rust, the development of selective weedkillers, the quantity manufacture of sulphur, the production of glycerine, alcohol and detergents from new sources, so as to leave all edible fats available for the world's food supplies, the development of plastics and synthetic textiles . . . Shell Research has been, is and will be working on all these things.

Shell's back-room boys are occupied with one of the most exciting branches of new knowledge . . . the science of hydrocarbons. Shell Research improves fuels and lubricants. But it also prompts, points and paces the development of the brave new world of petroleum chemicals. Petroleum chemicals are helping to feed and clothe the world, and to cure its sick.



**research**  
**is finding the answers**





## TI out of context

points a revealing truth: today we live TI.  
When a housewife cooks, TI goes on a TI hot-plate.  
TI went to the top of Everest. Motorists drive TI.  
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Most modern constructional or engineering enterprise has a call on TI products. It may be TI's many shaped precision tubes, steel or wrought aluminium; it may be electrical fittings, machine tools, mechanical handling plant or rolling mills... but these TI parts will be vital to the efficient functioning of the whole.

Each of TI's many manufacturing companies has a mind and ideas of its own, but behind all of them are the combined skills and experiences of the many trades TI follow.



*"They have stood up amazingly to the hard wear and tear of 3½ years of marches, tropical rains and rough conditions. They have never let in water or become uncomfortable even after days of continuous wear."*

7/12/45



105/-

## LOTUS Veldtschoen

*The only all-leather shoe*  
**GUARANTEED WATERPROOF**

LOTUS LTD  
STAFFORD

**SHERRY BEFORE DINNER ....**



**SEPPELT'S**  
EXTRA DRY  
**SOLERO**

**THE HOUSE OF SEPPELT  
AUSTRALIA**



# At the back of all our minds

**I**S THERE ANYTHING we can do to prepare for the worst—a hydrogen bomb attack? Yes, there is.

However complete and extensive the destruction in the centre of the target area, there would still be a great ring around it only partly destroyed, with fires raging. People would still be alive there—many of them trapped in the fires and debris, many of them injured—all of them with lives to be saved—all looking for help to the civil defence services.

It is the people outside the target area who would have to come to their aid. They would be the ones who would rescue the trapped and injured, stop the fires from spreading, feed and shelter the homeless. *If they knew how.*

Even in the critical days of evacuation and preparation before a war broke out, there would be immense

tasks for the civil defence services.

Half a million people realise all this. They are training in civil defence, and because of them, if war ever does come, thousands who might have died will live.

But still more help is wanted. There is a greater need than ever for *trained* Civil Defence Corps and Auxiliary Fire Service volunteers.

We are all thankful that for the present the threat of war has receded. But even though there is no crisis now, we must not relax. An organisation whipped together in a crisis would not be much good. If the civil defence services are to be a permanent part of our defences—as they must be—the time to train is now.

**NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE**  
Civil Defence is a vigorous, going

concern. The A.F.S. is being equipped with new fire-fighting apparatus of the very latest design. The Civil Defence Staff College and Tactical School has trained over 3,000 leaders for the Corps. Training and social centres are being opened all over the country. There is before Parliament a Bill to enable Servicemen to be trained to take their places in mobile rescue and fire-fighting columns.

**THOUSANDS MORE ARE NEEDED**  
But local civil defence organisations are the first line of civil defence, and thousands more volunteers are needed for spare-time training everywhere—right away.

Why not look into it? Ask about it at your Town Hall. Remember, the more men and women who train now—the fewer people will die if war should come.

**YOUR LOCAL CIVIL DEFENCE NEEDS YOU NOW MORE THAN EVER**

ISSUED BY R.N. GOVERNMENT



**This wasn't funny  
for us, Sir!**

Concealing ourselves in our own camouflage was not from choice. An attack on the whiskers or a brush with the Fuzzy-Wuzzies took about equal courage in my day. Progress has given you an unfair advantage with the Gillette Safety Razor and those supremely sharp Blue Gillette Blades. Gad sir, with the quick-feed Gillette Dispenser shaving may be magnificent but it is no longer war.



**Good mornings begin with Gillette**



## CHARIVARIA

**M**ALAYAN dispatches describe how the whole population of a Singapore village burst into tears and wept for an hour when two unidentified aircraft flew over, and say that the local police "are trying to find out why." It seems possible that a copy of the *Coventry Evening Telegraph* had got handed around, and the villagers saw themselves with another twopence-halfpenny on the rates.

### Hot Air Attaché?

PERIOD charm is perhaps the salient characteristic of a recent report from beyond the Iron Curtain about the imprisonment by a Czech people's court of a refugee "who landed by



balloon to spy on the Czech Army for the Americans." Intelligence authorities in Washington are said to be taking this accusation calmly. On the other hand the U.S. Air Force are hopping mad.

### Population to Consist of People

A STORY that three hundred members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science would be allowed to spend an afternoon with Sir John Cockcroft's reactors appeared recently under the headline "Housewives Will Visit Harwell." The absence of housewives from the body of the report was not entirely made good by the sentence, "As anyone can join the Association this meant that non-scientists could get into Harwell." A feeling that the housewife is getting more than her share of publicity now-

days is spreading swiftly among such potential Association members as box-office managers, trawler-owners and manufacturers of biscuits.

### It Marches On

WHEN a Horsham cinema closed lately its two first and most regular patrons took champagne with the management, and a cloud of reminiscent melancholy hung over all. This incident, like the retirement of B.B.C. officials under the age limit, and the increasing prevalence of grey-haired saxophone players, will remind the last generation that all the new things are old now—and at the same time prepare to-day's youngsters for the headlines to come: "ARTIFICIAL SATELLITES 'OUTMODED.' MOON CONTRACTORS TO DISMANTLE THREE."

### Well Worth It

AFTER a glance at even a Sunday paper's main news headings the reader's eye wanders off nervously in search of light relief. The great difficulty is to provide any. That is why the recent



Sunday paragraph reporting that two cars colliding in Bristol had the registration letters MUM and DAD reflects such credit on the reporter who thought of the idea, found the cars, talked over the owners and arranged the collision.

### Easy When You Know How

SPRINGING quickly into the breach after the Coal Board had warned the nation of an impending coal crisis, the miners' president, Mr. Ernest Jones,

outlined his plan for easing the shortage. This was delightfully simple; nothing was required except (1) more men, (2) more money, and (3) new pits. One rather wonders why the Coal Board make such heavy weather of their problems.

### Noiseless Flash

FROM an address given at a Government atomic station and suppressed for security reasons comes the copy of a memorandum addressed to the Director, Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston. Other copies, it appears from a short appendix, have been sent for information to:

P.E.A.O.  
A.S./Est.  
A.S./Gen. Admin.  
Accounts/1  
The Treasury  
Ministry of Supply  
War Office  
Ministry of Works  
Ministry of Materials  
Ministry of Labour  
N.U.G.M.W.  
T. & G.W.U.

This means that practically everyone concerned has been put in the picture on the subject of the memorandum: "Wages of Rat and Rabbit Catchers."

### Father of the Man

AN apt comment on "the modern age" (now) is implied in a paragraph



in a recent issue of the *World's Press News*. Lamenting the disappearance of papers like *John o' London's Weekly*

and the *Strand*, it adds that "it is well to remember that new publications, adapted to the modern age, are taking their place." Among those it specifies for this function are the *Junior Mirror*, *Junior Express* and *Junior Sketch*.

#### Budding Valkyries

A REPORT that girls leaving school in King's Lynn are being given lessons on how to look attractive, with a beauty expert, a hairdresser and a panel of



fashion authorities in attendance, is no doubt an encouraging sign of progress. Just the same, something ought to be done to give the wretched boys a chance.

#### Oh, Mr. Attlee!

Stepping from an aeroplane in Wellington, New Zealand, Mr. Attlee said: "I am very happy to be here in Auckland."

It's easy enough to lose one's way, as Miss Marie Lloyd well knew.

They sent her on to Birmingham when she wanted to go to Crewe.

I hope my friends won't switch the points—I mean Nye and Tom and Barbara—

And send me on to Blackpool when I want to go to Scarborough.



## SITUATIONS VACANT

THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of ASSISTANT DIRECTOR-GENERAL. Former experience of television is not essential, but it will be an asset to have had experience of the B.B.C., the National Coal Board or a peripheral Government Department. Salary will be on a level approved by Sir Ian Jacob.—Applications, with references from Mr. Morgan Phillips and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of ADVISER ON WOMEN'S PROGRAMMES. Candidates should have worked in Boot's Library or as receptionist to a general practitioner, preferably in a suburban area. Salary will be commensurate with that of a similar position on *Homes and Gardens*.—Applications, with references from Miss Daphne du Maurier and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of PROGRAMME DIRECTOR. Candidates must show that they will be able to work closely with Sir George Barnes in a co-operative and not a competitive spirit. Salary will be on a level approved by the Governors of the B.B.C., who will also negotiate the contract on behalf of the Authority.—Applications, with references from Lord Reith and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of ADVISER ON AESTHETIC STANDARDS. Candidates will be expected to have worked for either the Arts Council or the British Council, and it will be an asset to have had experience of the Festival of Britain under Sir Gerald Barry. Salary will be approved by the Council of Industrial Design.—Applications, with references from Sir Hugh Casson and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION invites applications for the post of ASSISTANT in their Middle Eastern Department. Candidates should have detailed knowledge of the Turkish, Arabic and Aramaic languages, and a working knowledge of Egyptian history since 4,000 B.C. Salary will be £350 p.a. × £25—£375 p.a.—Applications should be sent to Broadcasting House, W.I.

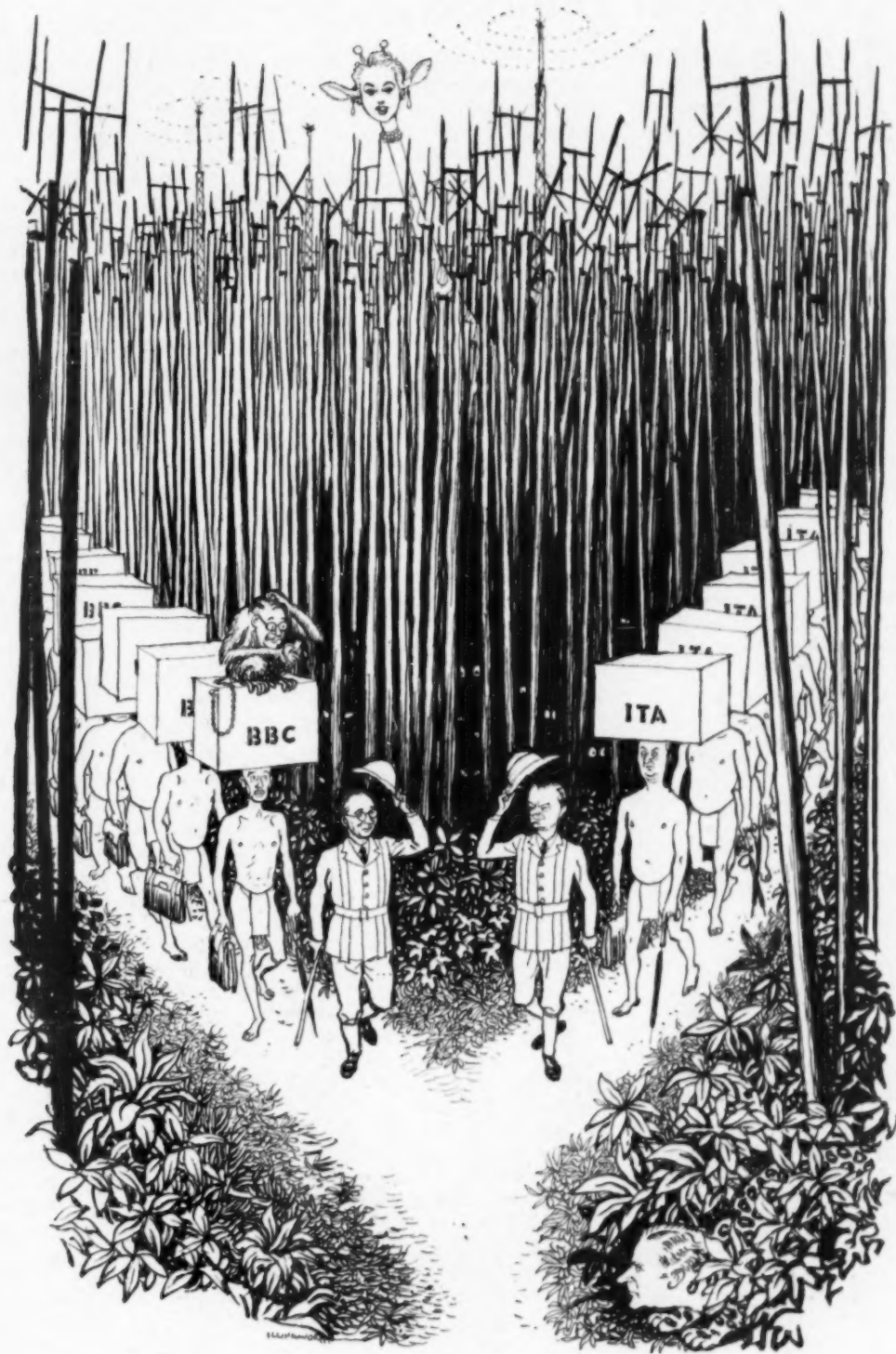
THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of ADVISER ON PARLOUR AND PANEL GAMES. Candidates should have experience of kindergarten teaching or in handling mentally backward children. Salary will be commensurate with that of a similar position on *Chick's Own*, and commission will be paid for every female member of the titled and landed classes included in a panel.—Applications, with references from Miss Enid Blyton and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of ADVISER ON OUTDOOR BROADCASTS. Candidates should have an awareness of the richness and variety of the English Scene. Salary will be commensurate with that of a similar position in the British Travel and Tourist Association.—Applications, with references from the Earl Marshal and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, and an illuminated testimonial from Mr. Richard Dimbleby, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY invites applications for the post of ADVISER ON LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT. Candidates should have worked either for the Third Programme of the B.B.C. or in the Reading Room of the British Museum, and experience of drafting Chatham House reports will count as an advantage. Salary will be commensurate with that of a similar position in U.N.E.S.C.O.—Applications, with references from Lord Halifax and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, should be sent to the Chairman, I.T.A.

H. F.





*"Sir Ian Jacob, I presume?"*

## Special Duties

By GRAHAM GREENE



**W**ILLIAM FERRARO, of Ferraro and Smith, lived in a great house in Montagu Square. One wing was occupied by his wife, who believed herself to be an invalid and obeyed strictly the dictate that one should live every day as if it were one's last. For this reason her wing for the last ten years had invariably housed some Jesuit or Dominican priest with a taste for good wine and whisky and an emergency bell in his bedroom. Mr. Ferraro looked after his salvation in more independent fashion. He retained the firm grasp on practical affairs that had enabled his grandfather, who had been a fellow exile with Mazzini, to found the great business of Ferraro and Smith in a foreign land. God has made man in his image, and it was not unreasonable for Mr. Ferraro to return the compliment and to regard God as the director of some supreme business which yet depended for certain of its operations on Ferraro and Smith. The strength of a chain is in its weakest link, and Mr. Ferraro was careful not to forget his responsibility.

Before leaving for his office at 9.30

Mr. Ferraro as a matter of courtesy would telephone to his wife in the other wing. "Father Dewes speaking," a voice would say.

"How is my wife?"

"She passed a good night."

The conversation seldom varied. There had been a time when Father Dewes' predecessor made an attempt to bring Mr. and Mrs. Ferraro into a closer relationship, but he had desisted when he realized how hopeless his aim was, and how on the few occasions when Mr. Ferraro dined with them in the other wing an inferior claret was served at table and no whisky was drunk before dinner.

Mr. Ferraro, having telephoned from his bedroom where he took his breakfast, would walk rather as God walked in the Garden, through his library lined with the correct classics and his drawing-room, on the walls of which hung one of the most expensive art collections in private hands. Where one man would treasure a single Degas, Renoir, Cézanne Mr. Ferraro bought wholesale—he had six Renoirs, four Degas, five Cézannes. He never tired of their presence, they represented a substantial saving in death duties.

On this particular Monday morning it was also May the first. The sense of spring had come punctually to London and the sparrows were noisy in the dust. Mr. Ferraro too was punctual, but unlike the seasons he was as reliable as Greenwich time. With his confidential secretary—a man called Hopkinson—he went through the schedule for the day. It was not very onerous, for Mr. Ferraro had the rare quality of being able to delegate responsibility. He did this the more readily because he was accustomed to make unexpected checks, and woe betide the employee who failed him. Even his doctor had to submit to a sudden counter-check from a rival consultant. "I think," he said to Hopkinson, "this afternoon I will drop in to Christie's and see how Maverick is getting on." (Maverick was employed as his agent in the purchase of pictures.) What better could be done on a fine May afternoon than check on Maverick? He added "Send in Miss Saunders," and drew forward a personal file which even Hopkinson was not allowed to handle.

Miss Saunders moused in. She gave the impression of moving close to the



ground. She was about thirty years old with indeterminate hair and eyes of a startling clear blue which gave her otherwise anonymous face a resemblance to a holy statue. She was described in the firm's books as "assistant confidential secretary" and her duties were "special" ones. Even her qualifications were special: she had been head girl at the Convent of Saint Latitudinaria, Woking, where she had won in three successive years the special prize for piety—a little triptych of Our Lady with a background of blue silk, bound in Florentine leather and supplied by Burns, Oates and Washbourne. She also had a long record of unpaid service as a Child of Mary.

"Miss Saunders," Mr. Ferraro said, "I find no account here of the indulgences to be gained in June."

"I have it here, sir. I was late home last night as the plenary indulgence at St. Etheldreda's entailed the Stations of the Cross."

She laid a typed list on Mr. Ferraro's desk: in the first column the date, in the second the church or place of pilgrimage where the indulgence was to be gained, and in the third column in red ink the number of days saved from the temporal punishments of Purgatory. Mr. Ferraro read it carefully.

"I get the impression, Miss Saunders," he said, "that you are spending too much time on the lower brackets. Sixty days here, fifty days there. Are you sure you are not wasting your time on these? One indulgence of 300 days will compensate for many such. I noticed just now that your estimate for May is lower than your April figures, and your estimate for June is nearly down to the March level. Five plenary indulgences and 1,565 days—a very good April work. I don't want you to slacken off."

"April is a very good month for indulgences, sir. There is Easter. In May we can depend only on the fact that it is Our Lady's month. June is not very fruitful, except at Corpus Christi. You will notice a little Polish church in Cambridgeshire..."

"As long as you remember, Miss Saunders, that none of us is getting younger. I put a great deal of trust in you, Miss Saunders. If I were less occupied here I could attend to some of these indulgences myself. You pay great attention, I hope, to the conditions."

"Of course I do, Mr. Ferraro."



"Mind giving me an A, mate?"

"You are always careful to be in a State of Grace?"

Miss Saunders lowered her eyes. "That is not very difficult in my case, Mr. Ferraro."

"What is your programme to-day?"

"You have it there, Mr. Ferraro."

"Of course. St. Praxted's, Canon Wood. That is rather a long way to go. You have to spend the whole afternoon on a mere sixty days' indulgence?"

"It was all I could find for to-day. Of course there are always the plenary indulgences at the Cathedral. But I know how you feel about not repeating during the same month."

"My only point of superstition," Mr. Ferraro said. "It has no basis, of course, in the teaching of the Church."

"You wouldn't like an occasional repetition for a member of your family, Mr. Ferraro, your wife...?"

"We are taught, Miss Saunders, to pay first attention to our own souls. My wife should be looking after her own indulgences—she has an excellent Jesuit adviser—I employ you to look after mine."

"You have no objection to Canon Wood?"

"If it is really the best you can do. So long as it does not involve overtime."

"Oh no, Mr. Ferraro. A decade of the Rosary, that's all."

After an early lunch—a simple one in a City chophouse which concluded with some Stilton and a glass of excellent port—Mr. Ferraro visited Christie's. Maverick was satisfactorily on the spot and Mr. Ferraro did not bother to wait for the Bonnard and the Monet which his agent had advised him to buy. The day remained warm and sunny, but there were confused



sounds from the direction of Trafalgar Square which reminded Mr. Ferraro that it was Labour Day. There was something inappropriate to the sun and the early flowers under the park trees in these processions of men without ties carrying dreary banners covered with bad lettering. A desire came to Mr. Ferraro to take a real holiday, and he nearly told his chauffeur to drive to Richmond Park. But he always preferred, if it were possible, to combine business with pleasure, and it occurred to him that if he drove out now to Canon Wood Miss Saunders should be arriving about the same time after her lunch interval to start the afternoon's work.

Canon Wood was one of those new suburbs built around an old estate. The estate was now a public park, the house, once famous as the home of a minor Minister who served under Lord North at the time of the American rebellion, was now a local museum, and a new street had been built on the little windy hill-top once a hundred-acre field: a Charrington coal agency, the window dressed with one large nugget in a metal basket, a Home and Colonial Stores, an Odeon cinema, a large Anglican church. Mr. Ferraro told his driver to ask the way to the Roman Catholic church.

"There isn't one here," the policeman said.

"St. Praxted's?"

"There's no such place," the policeman said.

Mr. Ferraro, like a Biblical character, felt a loosening of the bowels.

"St. Praxted's, Canon Wood."

"Doesn't exist, sir," the policeman said. This was the first time he had checked on Miss Saunders—three prizes for piety had won his trust. Now on his

homeward way he remembered that Hitler had been educated by the Jesuits, and yet hopelessly he hoped.

In his office he unlocked the drawer and took out the special file. Could he have mistaken Canonbury for Canon Wood? But he had not been mistaken, and suddenly a terrible doubt came to him how often in the last three years Miss Saunders had betrayed her trust. (It was after a severe attack of pneumonia three years ago that he had engaged her—the idea had come to him during the long insomnias of convalescence.) Was it possible that not one of these indulgences had been gained? He couldn't believe that. Surely a few of that vast total of 36,892 days must still be valid. But only Miss Saunders could tell him how many. And what had she been doing with her office time—those long hours of pilgrimage? She had once taken a whole week-end at Walsingham.

He rang for Mr. Hopkinson, who could not help remarking on the whiteness of his employer's face. "Are you feeling quite well, Mr. Ferraro?"

"I have had a severe shock. Can you tell me where Miss Saunders lives?"

"She lives with an invalid mother near Westbourne Grove."

"The exact address, please."

Mr. Ferraro drove into the dreary waste of Bayswater: great family houses had been converted into private hotels or fortunately bombed into car parks. In the terraces behind, dubious girls leant against the railings, and a street band blew harshly round a corner. Mr. Ferraro found the house, but he could not bring himself to ring the bell. He sat crouched in his Daimler waiting for something to happen. Was it the intensity of his gaze that brought Miss

Saunders to an upper window, a coincidence, or retribution? Mr. Ferraro thought at first that it was the warmth of the day that had caused her to be so inefficiently clothed as she slid the window a little wider open. But then an arm circled her waist, a young man's face looked down into the street, a hand pulled a curtain across with the familiarity of habit. It became obvious to Mr. Ferraro that not even the conditions for an indulgence had been properly fulfilled.

If a friend could have seen Mr. Ferraro that evening mounting the steps of Montagu Square he would have been surprised at how he had aged. It was almost as though he had assumed during the long afternoon those 36,892 days he had thought to have saved during the last three years from Purgatory. The curtains were drawn, the lights were on, and no doubt Father Dewes was pouring out the first of his evening whiskies in the other wing. Mr. Ferraro did not ring the bell, but let himself quietly in. The thick carpet swallowed his footsteps like quicksand. He switched on no lights: only a red-shaded lamp in each room had been turned on ready for his use and now guided his steps. The pictures in the drawing-room reminded him of death duties: a great Degas bottom like an atomic explosion mushroomed above a bath: Mr. Ferraro passed on into the library: the leather-bound classics reminded him of dead authors. He sat down in a chair and a slight pain in his chest reminded him of his double pneumonia. He was three years nearer death than when Miss Saunders was appointed first. After a long while Mr. Ferraro knotted his fingers together in the shape some people use for prayer. With Mr. Ferraro it was an indication of decision. The worst was over: time lengthened again ahead of him. He thought: "Tomorrow I will set about getting a really reliable secretary."



#### Your Need is Greater than Mine

"Saale Saale Saale Saale Saale  
Practically Prand new Linguaphone Kon-  
versation Kurse, 16 recorts English-  
German, Ask Kawretzky, Pankhaus 52,  
Anderson Creek."

From a notice pinned up in the Kitimat,  
British Columbia, Post Office



## The Waste Man

HOW pleasant to know Mr. Eliot,  
With his quizzical smile  
And his runcible hat,  
How pleasant to know what he's driving at.

Between the appearance and the reality,  
Between the strophe and the antistrophe,  
Between the devil and the deep Bloo  
msbury cult of semi-detachment  
Falls the curtain,  
And we are left darkling  
In the Delphic shade,  
With our classical illusions,  
And the dubious benefits  
Of a secondary education.

How shall we know  
When *The Times* does not know

And the *Telegraph* is deaf  
To the voice of the Prophet  
In the waste land of Belgravia,  
To the still, sad music of humanity  
In the wilderness of suburbia,  
Where lovely woman stoops to folly  
And a new Tiresias tells the melancholy  
Tale of man's fatuity  
And the pointlessness of it all?

How delightful to have known Mr. Eliot,  
With his rolled umbrella  
And his bowler hat,  
When punctual on the final stroke of nine,  
Across the Bridge and down King William Street  
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth keeps the hour,  
He came to Lombard Street to make his mark  
Among staid bankers as a Confidential Clerk.

ERIC WURR

# From the Report of the Commission on Jargon

## PRELIMINARY GUN-SPIKING

**E**ARLY investigations made it clear that there was no general agreement on what constituted jargon. One of the earliest witnesses expressed himself almost entirely in what most members of the Commission understood to be jargon, while remaining under the impression that he was a bitter opponent of all jargon and was, in his testimony, registering a powerful protest against it. For example:

*Q.* Did you once address a letter to a newspaper protesting against certain phrases used by its art critic?

*A.* That is definitely the case.

*Q.* Do you remember what the phrases were?

*A.* One of them was *significant form*. I yield to no one in my admiration for the late Roger Fry, but—

*Q.* You admired Roger Fry?

*A.* Definitely not.

*Q.* But did you not just say that you yield to no one in your admiration for him?

*A.* Oh, that. Yes, but that was a manner of speaking.

*Q.* And you didn't mean it?

*A.* Definitely not.

*Q.* But what about *significant form*? Was that not just a manner of speaking?

*A.* Ah, but they meant something by that.

*Q.* So it was jargon?

*A.* Yes.

By RICHARD MALLETT

*Q.* If it means something it's jargon, but if it is completely meaningless it is just a manner of speaking and not nearly so reprehensible?

*A.* The whole matter is fraught with difficulties and it would be necessary for me to know what subsequently transpires.

*Q.* What do you mean by that?

*A.* Mean? What do you mean, mean?

A similar situation arose with a later witness whose chief subject of criticism was what he called the jargon of the economists.

*Q.* What exactly is your objection to the phrase *frustrated exports*?

*A.* Well, I mean, it's on the face of it.

*Q.* What is on the face of it?

*A.* Well, if you can't see it yourself, I mean, I can't very well explain it, can I?

*Q.* Why not?

*A.* Well, I mean, it's a matter of taste. Same with what they call *rhythm*, well that's jargon isn't it?

*Q.* Why is it jargon?

*A.* Whose side are you on? Anybody hear you'd think you didn't want to—

*Q.* Kindly answer the question. Why is the word *rhythm* jargon?

*A.* Well, what I mean, it's the way something sounds, isn't that right? Can't be the way things happen, like they use it.

*Q.* So the use of a word in a different sense from the commonly accepted one makes it, in your opinion, jargon?

*A.* Well, you look up in the dictionary, that's what it comes to.

*Q.* When did you look it up in the dictionary?

*A.* Just before I came in here. Said

to myself be sure and ask what it means they will, you better find out.

*Q.* You mean that hitherto you have been using the word without knowing what it meant?

*A.* I knew what I meant by it.

*Q.* What was that?

*A.* Same as you do.

One witness whose particular quarrel appeared to be with the language of certain government departments concerned with housing, resettlement, health and planning produced a newspaper cutting (Exhibit 32) which commented on the fact that a prefabricated house erected in a new suburb might now be described as "a set of components assembled in the overspill of a decongested conurbation."

*Q.* Has such a house ever to your knowledge been officially so described?

*A.* Well, no. But you can see, it's just the sort of way they would do it. There's all these words.

*Q.* Where?

*A.* Why, there in the cutting. You can see what it says—"a set—"

*Q.* This cutting is not a report of fact, it is a facetious suggestion of what might be said.

*A.* But they got all those words from somewhere, stands to reason. That's jargon, that is.

*Q.* In what sense do you use the word *jargon*?

*A.* In the sense of words like that. Stands to reason.

This kind of thing occupied the Commission for some days, but in due course rather more clear-headed witnesses began to come forward. Their testimony is dealt with in later sections of this Report.

"The public are reminded, particularly those on holiday at seaside resorts and elsewhere, that the normal postage for a postcard whether 'plain' or 'picture' containing a written message is 2d. and not 1½d. A picture or greeting card can, however, be sent for 1½d. when it bears in writing nothing except the date, the names and addresses of the addressee and sender and a formula of courtesy or of a conventional character not exceeding five words or initials."

From a G.P.O. information bulletin  
"Lucky you're not here," for instance.







*"We've decided to move into this wing—Charles wants to be nearer his work."*



## Carol and Edna

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE two hurricanes which dropped in recently on Long Island, Rhode Island and Nantucket have proved something which I have always suspected, and that is that there is a candour and frankness about the inhabitants of the eastern states of America which they don't have out west. Ask a Californian about the San Francisco earthquake and he will hotly deny that there ever was a San Francisco earthquake. "What you probably have in mind," he will say, "is the San Francisco fire." But we easterners are open and above board. When we get a hurricane we call it a hurricane. Stop any Long Islander or Rhode Islander or Nantucketite in the street and say "I hear you had a hurricane the other day," and his reply will be "You betcher." He will not say "Are you alluding to last week's rather heavy fall of rain?" Californian papers, please copy.

Talking of Nantucket, one of New York's dramatic critics was caught there by the second hurricane. He gave it a bad notice. It apparently split into two when it got up there, and in his review in next day's paper he was rather severe about its lack of significant form and

uncertain direction of interest. Still, he did admit that it was intense, vital and eruptive.

Our hurricanes were Carol and Edna. Dolly, their sister, a nice girl, went out to sea, but Carol gave us all she had got, and so eleven days later did Edna. Though Edna, when she arrived, did not have the same scope for self-expression. Carol had caught us unprepared, but we were ready for Edna. Baths had been filled with water, candles laid in. And all the trees which had not both feet on the ground had been uprooted by Carol, so that Edna's efforts were something of an anti-climax. Three days elapsed after Carol's visit before the electricity came on and enabled us to cook and have water, but with Edna we were in shape again next day.

I am sure all my little readers will want to know how I got on under conditions which would have brought a startled "Gorblimey" to the lips of King Lear. I rose betimes, and when the fury of the elements had cheesed it somewhat went off for a refreshing dip in the bird bath in the garden. What a lesson this teaches us, does it not, always to be kind to our feathered

friends and never to neglect the filling of their tubs. There was a rich deposit of water in the bird bath and I hopped about in it merrily. Then back to the house to a hearty breakfast—a slice of cake and a warm whisky-and-soda—and my day had begun. A sizable tree had fallen across the drive, rendering it impossible to get the car out, so I walked hippety-hippety-hop two miles to the local store and bought bread, milk and cold viands. Before dinner I had another splash in the bird bath. Bed at 8.30. This went on for three days, and I am revealing no secret when I say that I got pretty sore about it.

A thing about hurricanes which I can never understand is why Cape Hatteras affects them so emotionally. Everything is fine up to there—wind at five miles an hour, practically a dead calm—but the moment a hurricane sees Cape Hatteras it shies like a startled horse and starts blowing a steady 125 m.p.h. Hysteria, of course, but why?

Another thing that puzzles me a good deal is the significance of the following paragraph in my daily paper on the morning preceding the arrival of Edna:

The Weather Bureau's forecast is that Edna is aimed somewhere in the vicinity of Nantucket and is figured to pass the tip of Long Island during the forenoon. India exported 13,229 monkeys to the United States in 1953 and so far this year, an official statement in the New Delhi parliament said to-day.

I don't see the connection. But then I'm dense. Always was.

The great thing to do when a hurricane comes clumping along and breaking all the trees in your garden—"Can we knock this off our income tax?" are the words you hear on every side these days—is to look for the silver lining and try to spot the good it has wrought as well as the bad. Thus, Hurricane Edna, we read, inadvertently settled a quarrel between two neighbours in Seaford by removing a tree that had been leaning from one neighbour's property into the other's. The latter had commanded the former to take the damn thing out of there, and the former had refused. Harsh words and black looks. Edna settled the dispute by lofting the tree into the road.

Carol also put two hundred and sixty thousand telephones out of action. This was an excellent thing. There is far too much telephoning in America. It is a pleasant thought that for three days Vera (aged sixteen) was not able to ring up Clarice (fifteen and a half) and ask her if it was true that Jane had said what Alice had said she had said about what Louise had said Dora had said about Genevieve. The father of many a family of growing girls, revelling in the unaccustomed peace, must have wondered why people made such a fuss about hurricanes.

And, of course, there was no television. A-a-a-a-h!

There is talk now that Edna and Carol's younger sister, Florence, is on her way to Cape Hatteras, and it is some comfort to see that she is described in the papers as a "small" hurricane. They can't come too small for me. My ideal hurricane is something dainty and petite, the sort of hurricane that tries to be cute and talks baby-talk.

"THE GIANT OF THE OCEANS ON THE LONGEST TRAILER IN THE WORLD  
SEE A WHALE IN ITS NATURAL STATE."  
Brighton paper advertisement

More featherbedding.

## To Cynthia, Not to Listen to Monsieur Dior

SWEET Cynthia, do not heed advice  
To make your riches less,  
Or follow fashion at the price  
Of losing loveliness.

I would not have your beauty marred  
By M. Dior's line,  
For fear that, gaining his regard,  
You lose too much of mine.

Why should you want to take on trust  
The word of such a man?  
And, even if you feel you must,  
Can you be sure you can?

Is it not strangely out of place  
And, worse, of little use  
To wish that what you gained by grace  
You could by rule reduce?

No, Cynthia, Nature cannot lose,  
And if his line ignores  
The natural man's ignoble views  
The loss will be Dior's.

It did not pay your ancestress  
To let herself be led  
By Adam's admiration less  
Than what the serpent said.

No man admires a *tertium quid*  
Beyond his natural bent;  
His biological yens outbid  
Æsthetic argument:

And women most are women when  
They scorn demands like these,  
And dress to please the kind of men  
That women dress to please.

P. M. HUBBARD





# Loud Laughter in Luxembourg

By LORD KINROSS

ON deck-chairs of many colours, in plastic macs, the People gaze across Britain's Bonniest Bay, breathing its "famous tonic air." From the Lakeland mountains before them imposing grey clouds come sweeping down on the khaki, foam-flecked ("tepid and friendly") sea. The Super Swimming Stadium, the Parisian Bar and the green-domed Winter Gardens—renowned for conferences of such institutions as the Labour Party and the Sanitary Inspectors' Association—are, Sabbatically, closed. But "Beauty Surrounds, Health Abounds." The quick-service cafés are open, offering crisps, jugs of tea and choc ices. The multiple stores are open, displaying counters of novelty toys for the young and a "bra-bar" for the older. There are oysters in Snappyland. In the fun palaces a placard says "Laughter is Sunshine"—and there is some laughter.

Presently the rain descends, the deck-chairs are hurriedly stacked, the Lakeland ponies huddle for shelter, deserted on the beach. The People take refuge in a zoo on the pier. "Entertaining, relaxing and educating," its exhibits are kept "under ideal hygienic conditions among tasteful surroundings." The DDT, says a colourful notice in the tea-room, is effective until December. In tasteful cages are "two wise old owls," some guinea-pigs from Peru, and

"various fancy pigeons." Parrots talk and monkeys cavort to the silent People, who take care, before the cage of a baboon called Roberta, to "keep well clear or she will have your spectacles." There is a little laughter.

But "People are Funny" too. Even English people will be funny for the sake of a free TV set, and each Sunday evening, heavily sponsored, they are funny for the benefit of radio listeners in Luxembourg. This evening they are assembled here in Morecambe, in "one of the largest and best-equipped number one variety theatres in the country," some fifteen hundred strong, gazing at a stage furnished only with radio and TV sets—the bare necessities of life.

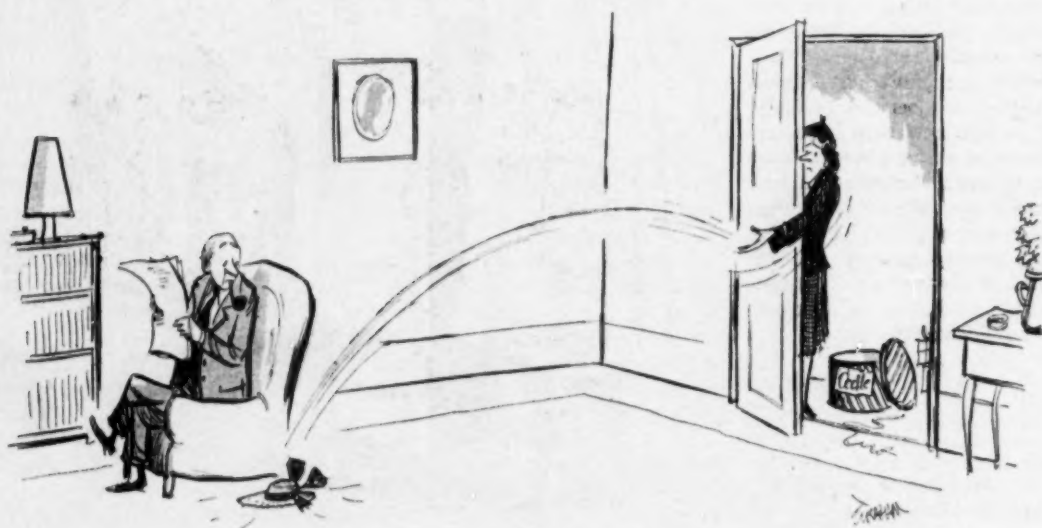
A young gentleman in a dinner-jacket, from Winchester and the Brigade of Guards, with a carefully nurtured American accent (the *lingua franca* of the day) asks those who are funny to rise. Half the audience rises. Ten of them ("married couples only") are invited on to the stage: a couple in the front stalls, from the head of the queue ("been standing there since five"); a young, red-headed husband with a birthday ("What did you give him?" "Ten shillings." "Out of his wages?"); a little man with a big wife ("Nine stone? If *she's* nine stone I'm three"); two more couples, with ten children each. More young gentlemen in dinner-jackets

put them at their ease, while the Wykehamist tactfully eliminates four, sending them back to the stalls with chocolate bars. There is laughter.

Three couples remain. A small stoker from a gasworks, who says he doesn't fish, is sent off with a fishing-rod, a pair of waders, a can full of worms, and three "absolutely genuine gorgeous girls," Pat, Judy and Nova, in a canoe ("absolutely no canoodling") to do so. There is more laughter. Meanwhile his wife, discreetly jewelled and permed, in rimless glasses and a sensible black overcoat, awaits him, sitting at the side of the stage.

A small greengrocer, in green shirt, green tie, green checked tweed jacket and smart buff waistcoat, is then asked if he is happy and says yes, with a giggle. He is asked if he or his wife would like to be crowned Queen of "People are Funny," and says "I would," giggling again. In a red robe, with a blue ribbon, on a throne like the Mayor's, she crowns him with a watermelon. There is much laughter. The Wykehamist then gives her a portable radio, which will come in handy, she says later, for the bedroom, there being already one in the living-room and another in the new saloon car.

A small fireman, in a Victorian bathing-dress, is then slung on a pole over a tank full of water; a pot of geraniums



and a bunch of seaweed are successively put on his head, and a two-foot codfish ("I can smell you from here") in his arms; he is told stories about them and (having "the gift of the whatnot") made to finish them, without a pause. Failing, he is lowered into the water. Succeeding, he earns for his wife an ovenette, a ten-and-a-quarter-pint pressure cooker, a "sideboard hostess," an electric iron, and an Elizabethan electric kettle. The laughter grows loud.

Finally the small stoker reappears in his waders, drenched to the skin, with the three gorgeous girls, drenched too. Outside in the dark and the rain on the pond in the deserted pleasure garden one of the girls, on instructions, has removed a plug from the bottom of the canoe, obliging him to paddle to the shore, baling it out with the worm can, but sinking fast. As he recounts this to the microphone the laughter grows prolonged and uproarious. He is given a TV set, worth seventy-five guineas, a man in oilskins tells of its completely carefree tuning and other tip-top TV refinements, and he carries it off the stage, henceforth respected as a man of property by his neighbours.

He is lucky not to have had to do more for it, like the bookmaker who was expected to get into his bath with an alligator and cut up rough, the fitter who swam the Channel (in a tank on a boat) and lost his job, or the couple who spent a week in a shop-window, but got a TV set each.

Meanwhile, as the laughter dies down in Luxembourg, the sponsors hurry to the shifting sands of Morecambe Bay, where their station-wagon has been caught by the tide. Returning late to their fairy-lit hotel, through gardens where dahlias bloom beneath umbrellas of floodlight, between "swaying drapes" of electric bulbs of many colours, they lie awake far into the night to the roar of an ingenious cascade, illuminated turquoise blue, which thunders down into the garden from a first-floor balcony, as though every bath in the hotel was overflowing.

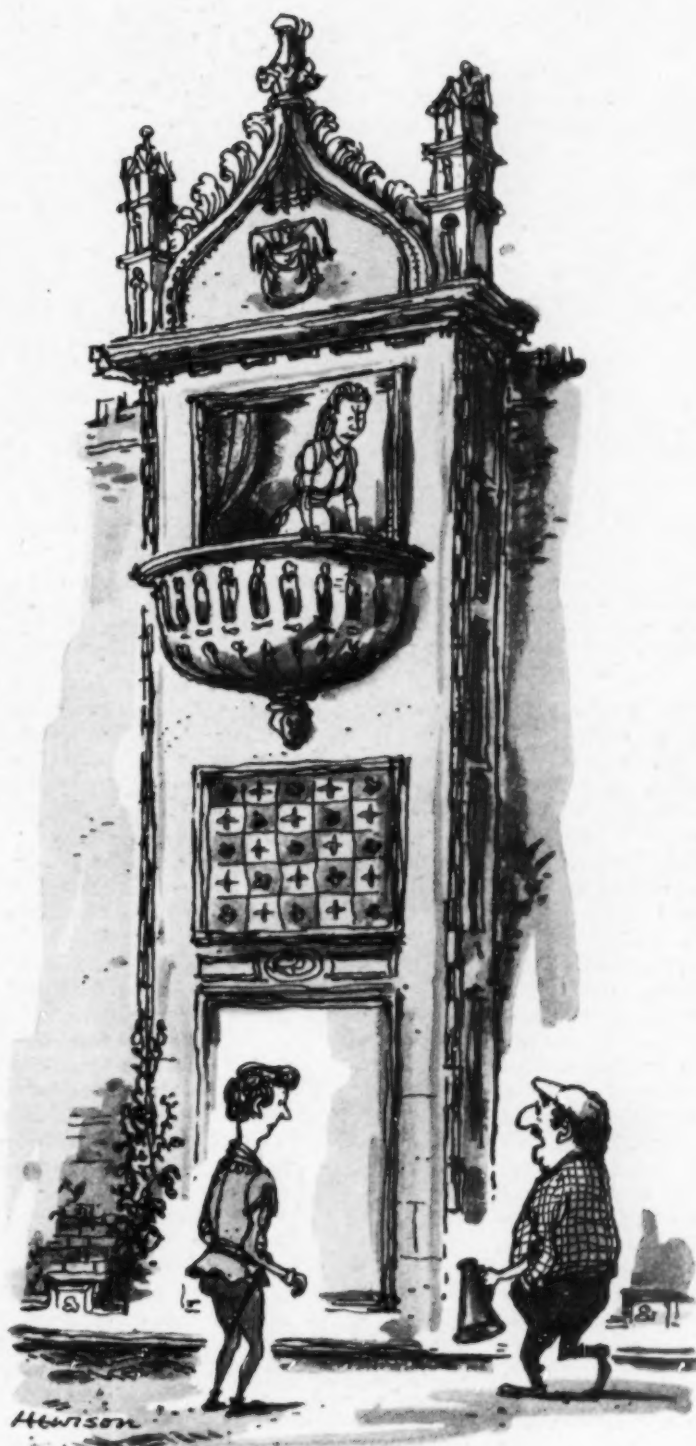
Places are funny too.

"You Can't Go Wrong in Brighton.

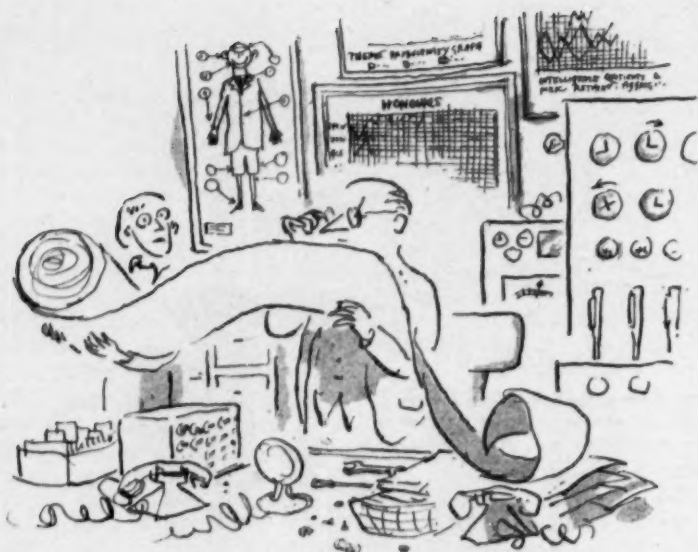
ASK A PROMETTE!"

Publicity Posters on Brighton Front

Well done, Watch Committee.



"Wait a minute—what's this going to be like on the wide screen?"



*Sir Albert Hardcake, who has been appointed Headmaster of the new Inclusive School at Pembroke Dock. He is seen here inspecting a photograph of the pupils of the school, who number so far about eight thousand four hundred. Sir Albert, who is 69, was formerly General Secretary of the National Union of Telegraph Boys.*

THE Pembroke Dock school takes the principle of the comprehensive school, as exemplified at Kidbrooke, one stage farther. Children—or educational subjects, as they are known at Pembroke—are no longer divided into those suitable for secondary, grammar or public-school education. Instead, all subjects are to be given an identical education, and special steps are taken to ensure that they all achieve identical results in examinations.

The eight thousand four hundred subjects now attending St. Florence's, as the school is to be called, have at their disposal three hundred and fifty-nine accommodation sub-units. These comprise two hundred and forty classrooms, thirty-six physics laboratories (one of them equipped with a cyclotron of the most up-to-date pattern), thirty-two chemistry laboratories, twelve

gymnasias, twelve theatres, eighteen art-studios, eight dining-rooms, each capable of accommodating one thousand five hundred subjects, and a library. A chapel will be added later if it is thought there is any real requirement.

All accommodation sub-units are wired for films and television, CinemaScope, Cinerama or "3-D" being available in most of them. The abolition of blackboards and "live" teachers from the classroom has enabled screens of extra-large dimensions to be installed. All supervision of classes is carried out centrally by means of internal television installations.

The total numbers of the teaching staff will exceed six hundred, of whom three hundred and fifty will be maintenance engineers in charge of communications, television, etc. A further twenty-eight are included in the psychiatric wing, which will be the largest in any school in the



*Ample garden space is provided, with an allowance of plants based on a standard of one horticultural unit per 6'73 children. All plants are labelled with their Latin botanical names, phonetic renderings being provided below.*

## After Kidbrooke

world. At present the nation-wide shortage of qualified teachers, especially on the science side, has resulted in the school opening with a rather smaller staff, but no class will exceed sixty in number.

Besides those listed above, there are special buildings for the teaching of domestic science, business training, ballet-dancing, politics, astronautics and canasta. In order that subjects who are slow at "figures" may not be at a disadvantage, these have been fitted with a new pattern of abacus designed by Mr. A. S. Neill.

The school is situated in what was formerly a working-class residential area, and extends for one hundred and forty-two acres. The buildings are constructed of sheet glass and prefabricated aluminium mouldings. All the internal fittings and furniture are made of plastic.

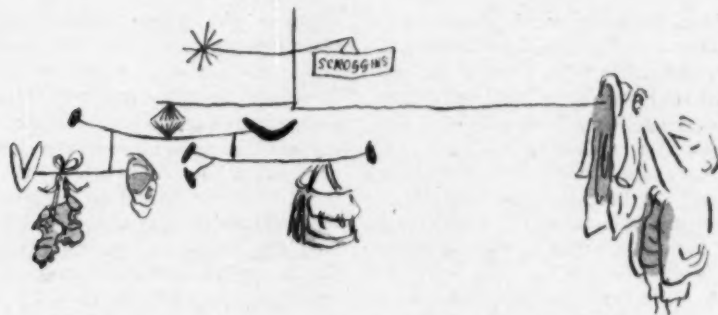
Special emphasis will be laid on physical recreation, and ingenious measures have been taken to make the most of the limited area available. Floodlighting has been installed on the playing-fields, and games are played in shifts from eight o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night. These include football, cricket, tennis, swimming and greyhound-racing. Educational subjects who show insufficient promise at games to justify their being encouraged to take them up professionally are accommodated in ample grandstands where



*Every desk is equipped with a Blake "Multangle" lamp-fitting. Pupils are encouraged to adjust these to suit the type of occupation they are engaged in.*



## Fresh Development in Educational Building in South Wales



Every opportunity is taken to demonstrate to the children the function of modern art in everyday life. Here is a coat-rack designed in contemporary style by Lynn Chadwick. There are seven thousand racks in the school, each designed individually by an artist certified by the Arts Council.

they may learn competitive audience-participation.

An interesting feature of the curriculum is that all instruction is carried out in Welsh. Pembroke is not a Welsh-speaking district, but the area served by the school is so large that a number of Welsh-speaking communities have been included. As a concession to local sentiment it was therefore decided to standardize on the Welsh tongue for all instruction.

It is worthy of note that the families originally living in the neighbourhood where the school now stands have had to be rehoused in order to make room for the school buildings and grounds. Schools have been found for the children of these families in Cardiff and Swansea.

Opening the school last week, an official of the Ministry of Education said "St. Florence's marks another step towards the ideal educational policy of having all children taught in one establishment. We aim at extending this principle indefinitely."

The multi-channel sound system is adapted for use as a fire-alarm, as well as for public address, radio and talk-back. Here a pupil is using the talk-back to a distant member of the staff.



### SOME VITAL DETAILS

#### ELECTRICAL

An idea of the scale on which electrical equipment is provided can be obtained from the following figures:

ITEM	NO. SUPPLIED
Cookers .. ..	160
Refrigerators .. ..	160
TV sets, 14-in. screen .. ..	96
do. 20-in. screen .. ..	25
do. 7-in. screen (for staff) ..	1
Sound receivers .. ..	one per educational subject
Cyclotrons .. ..	1

#### COMMUNICATIONS

It would take an average man eight hours to walk all round the school.

Communication is therefore maintained by two-way wireless and telephones, supplemented by liaison staff on petrol-assisted bicycles.

A fully-equipped operations room, manned twenty-four hours a day, enables the Headmaster to locate any of his staff at a moment's notice.

#### DECORATION

Colour-schemes have been selected to combine cheerfulness with utility. Wherever possible, murals by well-known artists have been utilized in the decoration of rooms and corridors. Decorative equipment includes:

Murals, Graham Sutherland ..	1
do. Sir Matthew Smith ..	2
do. Pablo Picasso (school of) ..	7
do. Students of L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts (various) ..	16
Pictures, Old Master ..	95
do. Child art ..	115
Potted plants, <i>philodendron scandens</i> ..	160
do. <i>ficus elastica</i> ..	86
do. <i>aspidistra</i> ..	1
(for staff)	

B. A. YOUNG



Mr. Sidcup, the school's Chief Educational Engineer, is here shown at the hopper of the electronic marking machine. This ingenious device eliminates differences in ability between pupils and makes a democratic award of marks, ensuring that all children make equal progress.

# Mithras Comes to Town

By H. F. ELLIS

THERE is not a single soul in this enormous queue who knows as much about Mithras as I do.

Naturally, there are people elsewhere—Persian scholars, translators of the Zend-Avesta, etc.—who are my superiors in this field. But they have spent a lifetime at the business and scarcely count. Certainly there will be none of them in this queue, this throbbing cross-section of the warm heart of London; if they bother to come to the site at all they will pull strings and come at some less populous moment. All I claim is that of the great mass of pilgrims shuffling along fore and aft of me down Sise Lane, not one—

"Sun worship, so they say, though it seems a queer place for it. Didn't Elsie say she was coming?"

—not one of all this chattering throng, and least of all the woman who presses a brown-paper parcel against the back of my knees every single blessed time the queue takes a half-pace forward, has taken the trouble, as I have, to look the thing up properly in books of—

"... down in Wiltshire, that time."

"That was burials, wasn't it? This is different."

—reference. It beats me what they expect to get out of it, just peering at the remains of an old temple, without some prepared background of knowledge. If I could only say a word or two, to put them in the picture. "The worship of Mithras, which is of Persian origin, reached Rome in the first century B.C. through the medium of a band of Cilician pirates captured by Pompey. Eagerly embraced by the soldiery, and not discouraged by the early Emperors, who found its insistence on the divine

right of monarchs not disadvantageous to their own interests, Mithraism took firm root in the western world and had spread to Britain by, at latest, the second century A.D.' Pass it on, please." The phrases are as clear in my mind as if the encyclopædia were still open in front of me. But I suppose they would think I was just trying to air my knowledge.

"It seems a shame to cover it all up again, whatever it is."

Would it be possible to help these unfortunate people by phrasing this information in the form of a question? One might address oneself, for instance, to this bull-necked man in the sweat-shirt just in front. "Excuse me, sir, but am I right in thinking that the worship of Mithras, which was of course of Persian origin, reached Rome through the medium of pirates captured by Pompey in, ah, the first century B.C.?"

No. It is almost impossible to keep an interrogative inflection going through a sentence of that length without becoming unbearably shrill towards the end. Besides, we have now emerged from Sise Lane into Budge Row and, with the entrance to the site in view, the crowd's attention is centred on the chances of getting in before the show closes for the night. I doubt if they'd listen even if I told them that the symbolism of the serpent, the scorpion, the raven, the fig-tree, the ewer and other emblems found on Mithraic bas-reliefs—

"Look, Mum—in the window. 'This bottle was found in an old house in Bridgnorth. It contained brandy.' Is that to do with it?"

My dear young lady, can you seriously suppose that the god Mithras, in his conical cap and flying draperies, ever drank brandy at Bridgnorth? Or even that his followers—who did not, one is glad to think, include women—did so? If you really cannot distinguish between a vintner's premises and the foundations of a Mithraeum, it is pure waste of time to queue for an hour and a quarter. . . . However, here we are at the entrance, with only a policeman between us and our goal, and it is now possible to get a panoramic view of the bizarre scene. Far away across the wide extent of what is to become Bucklersbury House, Queen Victoria Street is still

thronged with people, gazing eagerly down into the contractors' vast excavations. To the right centre of these excavations a smaller, but more densely packed, crowd gazes down into the still deeper excavations made by the archaeologists. A hole within a hole—is that the secret of this astonishing mass desire to look? Or is a genuine interest in antiquity abroad in London? Or has the threat of imminent destruction something to do with it? "Public indignation is unlikely to be stilled so easily," said *The Times* recently, in a reference to poor Sir David Eccles, no worshipper of Mithras. And again: "Several callers at *The Times* offices protested against the likelihood of this remarkable discovery being destroyed by constructional work . . ." Is there a "Complaints" desk at Printing House Square, at which people queue up to lodge their protests after they have finished queuing up here?

The point is immaterial. The policeman raises his arm, and another fifty of us are in. And there it is. Well! That would be a wall, no doubt, if there were more of it. And there another. That's where the altar used to be, so the notice says, and here rose up a pillar—now missing. All that stagnant water . . .

"Excuse me, but can you tell me what this bit is supposed to be?"

No, damn it, I can't. If there were a serpent or a fig-tree about I could at least tell the man that their symbolism was a matter of some dispute among the authorities. I also know that Zoroaster, according to Pliny, laughed at his own birth, and lived for thirty years in the wilderness on cheese. But I don't see how to work it in.

"The whole thing might be the ruins of a Victorian greenhouse, for all me."

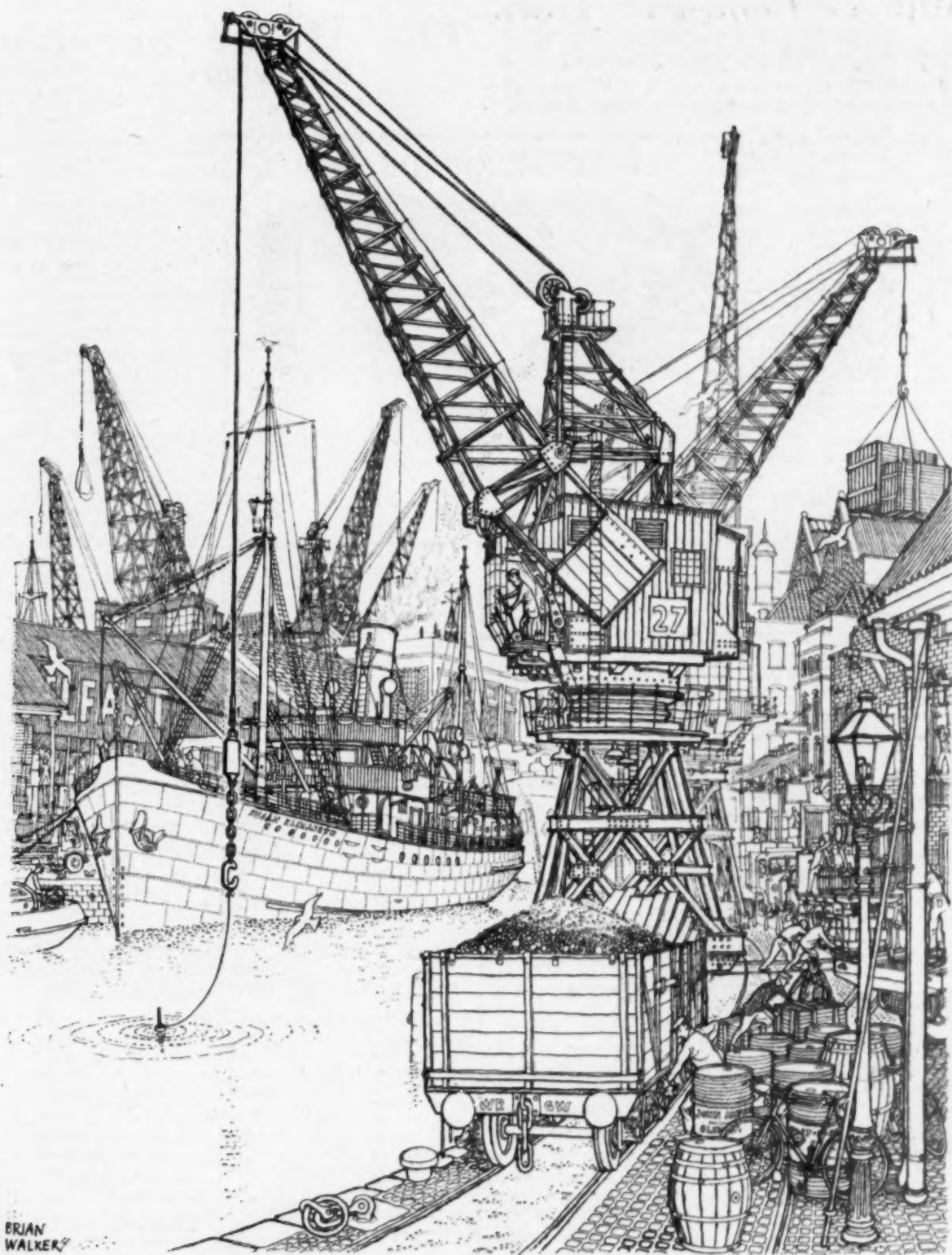
Surely it wasn't I who said that?

\* \* \* \* \*

"As the building stands it is highly impressive, and the demand for its preservation grew among those who went to see it."—*The Times*.

Possibly. On the other hand, of course, if it were to be preserved, all that queuing up would turn out to have been done under false pretences. There might be several more callers at Printing House Square.







SEPTEMBER

29 WEDNESDAY

EVENING FROM 5.0 P.M.

## The Home Service

330 m. (908 kc/s)

## 5.0 p.m. CHILDREN'S HOUR

For Younger Listeners

## Motty, Totty and Potty

A Tale of

Three Teeny Titmice

Written and told by

"Buffles" (John Snagge)

"The Tinklebox Man"

H. Wayward Grudge sings you his own compositions, accompanied by Elsie Grudge on the "Tinklebox."

## 5.30 For Older Children

## Cut in the Fields

A country stroll in which we hear the weasel's love-call, see how "conkers" get their spikes, and learn how Trespassers can be Prosecuted.

(The recorded broadcast of about this time last year)

## 5.55 The Weather

Another in the popular guessing game series from the Air Ministry roof.

## Greenwich Time Signal

(By arrangement with Maurice Winnick)

## 6.0

## NEWS

To be repeated at 9.0 p.m. (Home)

## 6.15 BRIAN TRYPE FINDS OUT Britain's Feet

Are we foot-healthy? Brian Trype, an ardent foot-lover, discusses the question with well-known foot-users in all walks of life, passing on to you much fascinating information about arch-failure, tight-lacing and problems of the abnormally long middle-toed.

Programme suggested, collated, written, edited and produced by Brian Trype. Incidental music by Harrowby Hulme-Westingball and his Percussion Band.

(Brian Trype is in "Are You a Mason?" at the Drill Hall, Horncastle. Harrowby Hulme-Westingball is appearing with the "Bearskin Girls" on tour; this week, Wolverhampton).

(Last Tuesday's recorded broadcast in the Third Programme)

## 6.40 THE ARMY OF TO-DAY'S ALL RIGHT

Talk by

Captain Frank Feble-Raisin,

M.B.E., M.P.

The Captain has recently returned from holiday near Aldershot, where he was able to observe the bearing and turn-out of the soldier of 1954.



Captain Feble-Raisin, M.B.E., M.P. talks at 6.40 about the modern "Tommy."

## FESTIVAL OF DRAMA



## 'LITTLE PITCHERS'

BY ENID DOWSE

The action takes place in the parlour of Herbert Pippity's house in Leedsfordchester

at  
9.15

## 6.45 FROM THE HEART

A ballad recital on themes of Love and Yearning by Harrietta Waley (soprano)

Your Heart and Me.....Waley  
My Heart and You.....Smythe and Waley  
His Heart and Hers.....

Cohen, McTraffic and Waley  
Hearts are Trumps.....Waley and Sharpe  
As Pants the Heart.....trad. (arr. Waley)  
(At the piano, Gilbert Harding)

## 7.15 THE GOOD OLD DAYS SHOW!

Once more our team of irrepressible merry-makers spirit us back into history, this time into the reckless gaiety and high spirits of Cromwellian times, before the days of atomic energy, jet propulsion or even the BBC!

With Sid Sandbone and his Sextet, Jack Thacker, Freddie Chimble ("I thought ya'd say tha-a-at!") and the Girls Choir of the Midhurst branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

(Sid Sandbone and his Sextet are appearing at the bottom of the Station Approach, London Bridge.)

## 7.45 BOY'S BEST FRIEND

A Titled Mother draws on a life-time's experience to help parents everywhere in their struggle to keep their boys out of gaol.

(BBC recording)

## 8.0 IS THE BICYCLE DYING?

With so many of the familiar household gods of our grandparents thrown on the dust-heap of progress it is pleasing to find that the bicycle is not amongst them. Gilbert

Harding is accompanied by an outside broadcasting van on a bike-ride through East Grinstead. He describes some of the other cyclists he encountered, what they said to him, and what he said to them.

(Recording of Sunday's broadcast)

## 8.15 FOLK SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



Ronald Seepage (recorder)  
Prudence Teet (trumpet)  
Clarence Mealer (cimbalom)  
Tita Veedle (humming with closed lips)

Hedger-bo hey  
Mad merry milk-o  
Poopy-A  
Smoulder-o' the peat  
Old quinting ditty  
Track-a-lack the sheenmaid  
Tirry-ho the leatherer

(Ninth of twenty-seven programmes)  
(Tita Veedle appears by arrangement with the General Post Office, Southport)

## 8.30 HUNT THE THIMBLE

A parlour game in which a panel of experts in turn endeavour to discover where an everyday household object has been secreted during their absence from the studio.

The Hunters:

Stanley Matthews  
Gilbert Beyfus, Q.C.  
Mrs. Geoffrey Fisher  
George Dawson  
"Thimbleman":

General Sir John Harding

(General Harding appears as a result of a technical hitch in the Contracts Department)

## 9.0 Big Ben Minute NEWS

(A repeat of to-day's 6.0 p.m. broadcast)

## 9.15 Enid and Bertram Dowse in 'LITTLE PITCHERS'

A Family play adapted for radio by Enid Dowse

From Bertram Dowse's family novel "Big Ears"

Produced by Enid Dowse

Characters in order of speaking:

Herbert Pippity.....Bertram Dowse  
"G'anfer".....Frederick Dowse  
Millie Pippity.....Enid Dowse  
The Man from the "Pools".....

Gilbert Harding  
Millie Pippity as a girl.....Shirley Dowse  
Herbert Pippity as a boy.....Shirley Dowse  
Police sergeant.....Gilbert Harding  
A junk-man.....Walter Dowse  
Judge.....Gilbert Harding  
Herbert Pippity had little or no fun as a child in the grimy manufacturing town of Leedsfordchester; nor did pale, pretty Millie, the girl next door. When they grew up and married they vowed that their children should know better things. But they had reckoned without the curse of an unwanted windfall!

(Enid Dowse, Bertram Dowse, Frederick Dowse, Shirley Dowse and Walter Dowse haven't appeared anywhere for years.)

(Enid Dowse writes on page 5)

## 10.15 FOR ALL THE SAINTS

A series of short devotional dramatizations of well-known hymns, in which an attempt is made to interpret the inspiration of the hymn-writer in terms of life to-day.

No. 17. "We Plough the Fields and Scatter."

Plough.....Ernest Element  
Scatter.....Julian Herbage  
Snow in winter.....William Fleeth  
Soft refreshing rain.....Ernest Lush

and the  
Remand Home Officials' Male  
Voice Choir

Devised and Produced by E. J. King-Bull

## 10.35 WHITHER ENTERTAINMENT?

Talk by

Sir Ian Jacob

The speaker claims no professional experience of the entertainment world, but talks as an intelligent layman of his personal preferences and prejudices.  
(BBC recording)

## 10.45 INSTRUMENT OR TOY?

Lady Boyle and Sir Malcolm Sargent discuss the orchestral potentialities of the Swedish nose-flute, with recorded examples.

## 11.0 Greenwich Time Signal News Summary

followed by  
late weather forecast for land areas  
(See "Both Sides of the Microphone," page 15)

## 11.8 app. Close Down

(But only until 6.30 a.m. to-morrow)

## Junior Politics in the North

By  
HUGO CHARTERIS

THE Rev. A. Campbell of the "Wee Free" (Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland) rises to his feet and looking not only forward and up to the Convener but also back at the main body of County Councillors and sideways and down at the Independent (Communist) member with whom he is often in alliance, and then vertically down at his notes which are as usual bigger than anyone's, including, as they seemingly must, documents no-one else has ever seen, perhaps not even had access to—and using the full leverage of this possibility in the silence, he returns his gaze at last to the Convener and there fixes it with *renseigné*, ominous bile.

But his voice is sweet—lilted English and quiet as temptation. It is incredible such siren's, neck-prickly sound can emerge from the long, deprecatory mouth beneath eyes of wet grey granite of an Inverness pub-shut, Sunday wall.

"But Mist-er Confeener," he says, and we all shudder with delight and terror as though our feet were being nibbled by a cobra, "apart from the consideray-tion of the Sabbath—is it right that the ferryman at Altnahulish should work seven—seven—days a week?

IS IT RIGHT?"

The surprise peroration of three shouted words makes us blink. When we focus again the minister has disappeared. He has apparently fallen through the floor and is already on his way to a Higher Tribunal by Underground, for where he was, high above all, there he no longer is.

In fact he has just sat down. But so suddenly as to give no-one a chance not to be superstitious. There is mumbling and craning of necks. No! Good—there's himself, on a chair like our own selves.

The Convener is an old hand at the sixteensome and he waggles his head in appreciation of the point made and at the terrible possibilities of litigious support which may lie in the minister's bundle of pamphlets and in the long head of the Independent member beside him, like the minister's shadow were it not his conviction the devil didn't have one. And now he is speaking—but is it possible he wishes to be

understood? Like in a man about to play the bagpipes, the preliminary drone is soothing and on one note but always fraught with the possibility of departure: the previous ferryman at Altnahulish and the statute by which he was appointed in 1927 . . .

The eyes of even the initiated begin to film over as though subjected to a Buddhist rite in Dutch. They breathe deeper, and adjust the crutches of their cloth and new bits of skin to the buttocks' heavy bone.

Now it is the daughter of the previous ferryman who had helped him and been included in the agreement with the wartime council of which he had the honour to be the convener and so was in a position . . .

"Mis-ter Confeener." Surely the minister has a spring in his trousers to be up in such a trice. "I ask the chentlemen here present what they are going to do about it NOW. Because IS IT RIGHT?"

Again he vanishes.

The Convener now looks hopelessly out over the hall and—is it our imagination?—the County Clerk is addressing him at length, although both men appear to be otherwise occupied, the one thinking, the other writing—and far apart.

Like a bell at last swung into contact with its clapper the Convener breaks forth resolutely, hinged to the last movement of the side of the County Clerk's mouth.

"Well, the Council cannot pay another ferryman. Isn't that right? We'll just have to close the ferry on Sundays. Is that what you want, Mr. Campbell?"

The minister is on his feet again. "What I want . . . I . . . ?"

We look at the

Convener more in sorrow than anger. Such obtuseness.

"It's what the law wants, Mister Confeener—the By-laws 413b," and the minister smacks his top pamphlet with his knuckles—clack—

"And."

When will he go on. When . . . when . . .

As though going downstairs fast we have all trodden on a step that isn't there. We hurtle in the void. At last he fields us:

"—as though it were the *letter* of the law to be heeded that I cared. I'd like the electors of this county to know . . . it's the *speerit* that has been . . ."

The Convener draws a cow's head out of an already suggestive blob and the clerk continues to tot up rates.

"—DEFILED"—and once again the floor plays him false and he must be astride the Y.M.C.A. boiler.

But someone else is up. Who is he? Who is that man?

He is a councillor who lives on the nether as opposed to the hither side of the ferry. Some of his colleagues begin to remember him. Funny—the man had never spoken till now. He is large and



it is odd to see him blush even though he merely says that he is in a position to know the ferryman and must point out for five months a year the man averaged only two crossings a day, both of them being himself.

The minister is on his feet.

"And in the season, Mr. Mackay, isn't it forty fares some days seven days running? Is this what you want us to approve?"

Addressed thus by name on his maiden sortie with black imputation attached, Mr. Mackay turns slowly from whisky-mottle to pure red like a lobster being cooked. Finally he subsides, wordless.

This, he must surely be realizing, is a mistake—fatal perhaps to his future and expenses.

The minister might have given him a right hook—and a referee be counting him out—seven, eight . . .

Mr. Mackay has realized. He's up.

"And in the season, Mr. Campbell. Bairns . . . bairns" (he looks around backwards like Mr. Campbell does)

"... from Glasgow—that have motored, isn't it . . . in a charity bus round by Tongue and Durness with the wind like a split in your breeks—and reechit the ferry hungry . . ."—here the man pauses, amazed at the knack once you get it, the ease—"hungry," he revolves slowly, "and tired . . ."

He begins to enjoy himself.

"Weary," and balefully he leans forward to look, conspicuously, at the Rev. Campbell who, seated, has inclined the plain of one foot-sole to inspect it, apparently, for the possible adhesion of Mr. Mackay.

"Weary on a Sunday night and unable to get across. Would you send them back by Tongue and Durness, would you . . . Mr. Campbell?"

The emotion is too much for Mackay. He is as abdominally Unionist as Mr. Campbell is gastrically Labour. It is an opportunity. He turns to the room and with one shout goes too far: "*He would.*"

The Rev. Campbell rises. He is possibly trembling. The Convener waggles his head and goes on with the

cow, smiling. The "Wee Free" eyes coat us all with guilt first—then settle down to Mr. Mackay.

Is it a sigh from Mr. Campbell's lips?—no—a word, and now another fluted on to the first, and all doveily-tailed with the third.

"A notice, Mr. Mackay—a little notice, here and there, by the wayside . . ."

The minister puts out a hand tenderly and our eyes stray to the point indicated, where sure enough there is a notice newly-painted which we are not surprised to have read out to us by the minister for the particular benefit of Mr. Backward Mackay: "On Sundays the ferry at Altnahulish will be closed, isn't it . . . closed."

Two chords. Finish. The minister remains standing, hand still out, sticking into the nose of P. Skene (Dalrievoch), who submits to being a notice demurely.

But it is too late. Mr. Mackay's eyes still burn with the plight of hungry bairns in a watery cul-de-sac, night coming on. Even the bus is beginning to come to him heavy laden.



"Now then, which is the pro-German rearmament lot and which is the anti?"



"And supposing, Mr. Campbell, the ferryman would be pleased to have the matter left to himself to decide. Is it the sabbath you're caring for or the man's rest. Or what?"

A quavering pipe of a man so bent-old as to remain invisible when standing says, and as he speaks he bows sideways in order to catch the eye of his only co-aeval: "I've been five times on that ferry this year and it was *always* the bittie girl that worked it. Not yet fourteen, Tam."

Tam says "Aye."

There is the purposeful uproar of people who want a change of fun. Chairs grate. The Convener finishes the cow and shouts "It's past twelve. We've got two hundred thousand pounds of public money to allocate before five, heh, heh, heh—unless you vote another meeting."

Some are leaving because The Stag is open.

In the commotion the Rev. Campbell ensures that for one conspicuous moment he is the last to sit down or leave the subject: "... me ashamed of this body."

On the far side of the hall Mr. Mackay sits larger than life, his eyes glazed with release, muttering, making noises of solidarity with himself, hurt by the spectacle of a minister turning back children from their supper. If somebody had told him, he wouldn't have believed it—and he living the other side of the ferry and a friend of Mackay Ferry who worked the thing on Sundays in the season most happily of all days, because then was there mostly people from far away and none so jealous as to demand a ticket when they paid their fare.

#### Might Ask Dior

"The 'First Lady' of London County, Mrs. Mischon, wife of the L.C.C. chairman, Mr. Victor Mischon, has not decided what to wear for a novel expedition on Wednesday—an 11-hour, 120-mile trip in the council's new vessel, the *Edward Cruse*. She will sail from Crossness, in the Erith Marshes, on the regular run to deposit sewage sludge in the Black Deep area of the North Sea.

"Frankly I hadn't given dress a thought until you asked me about it," she told me. "I'd better seek the captain's advice." I suggested that possibly well-cut sackcloth might be suitable for such a cruise or, alternatively, slacks and reefer. But Mrs. Mischon refused to be drawn. Her husband and members of the Rivers and Drainage Committee are her cruising companions."

*News of the World*



"... and we've got nice quiet neighbours."

### To a Swallow

CROTCHETS on wires, the mustering swallows tell  
What crueller months await us;  
Farewell, we sigh bereft, a long farewell  
To all migrators

Including you, alas, and all your tribe,  
Graceful aerial babbler;  
You will, and therefore I shall not, describe  
Your flight's parabola,

Only recalling with what joy we hailed  
Last spring each blithe newcomer,  
A million swallows who then largely failed  
To make a summer.

PETER DICKINSON

# Nips for Nieces

By LADY P\*K\*NH\*M

**H**APPY chance has made me niece to eight aunts, all of whom share our home. A busy life? Certainly, and one that has its own special problems, but last thing at night, as I tiptoe from room to room adjusting shades, lowering lights and testing padlocks and bars, I am sure that it is worth while.

All the aunts are advanced in years but, of course, they vary greatly in appearance and temperament. There is the never-ending fascination of the variety in their habits and manners, and at least I can never be accused of knowing nothing about aunts!

But don't accuse me, please, of being a specialist! I have just looked and listened and tried to understand; that is all. If other nieces can benefit from my experiences I shall feel that it is all even more worth while.

I may as well begin straight away, without beating about the aunt, by admitting that aunts, especially those in the Pre-Immobile Stage, are not easy. Indeed, while they can still crawl from place to place one must have eyes at the back of one's head, and even then one can never be sure that they are not getting into mischief.

I have found it a good plan to suggest (never *threaten* an aunt) that each one should knit a pair of woollen reins. When a pair is complete attach the ends to an aunt and tie the other ends to your waist while you go about your household chores. Should you have to go upstairs the aunt can come slowly after you. If she needs your attention (and she usually does!) she can pull lightly on the reins. By the time you have got up, or down as the case may be, she will have arrived at the opposite place. Should you have to pass her on the stairs, climb over the banisters. This is a far better method than locking her in somewhere, and also prevents the development of that sense of injury in aunts that can have such grave consequences when they are in what I like to call the Troubled Nineties.

With the more fanciful type of aunt difficulty may arise about what I have learned to call the Imaginary Companion.

Many aunts invent another aunt, to whose wishes and comfort nieces must

pay the closest attention. Usually the Imaginary Aunt is described by the Real Aunt as if she were much the elder; "one foot in the grave," "doddering," etc., etc.; but do not on any account make the mistake, common with inexperienced nieces, of *agreeing* with the Real Aunt about this. The subject should be turned with a kind, cheery laugh, and the Real Aunt assured that the Imaginary Aunt is *not* doddering or handicapped by having one foot in the grave. To agree with the Real Aunt about this may produce very serious results. I have even known an aunt sulk for three days. The fact that she did not utter a word throughout the whole period barely compensated for the compassionate glances of visitors and tradesmen.

The Imaginary Aunt has to have very large fires burning all over the house by day and by night, all the bars in the electric stove full on, all the windows tightly shut, and detailed explanations as to where everybody in the house is, what time they came in last night, and where they went to, and who with, and what they did, and how they enjoyed it. The Real Aunt, who is never inquisitive or fussy, insists that the poor old Imaginary Aunt must hear all these details or she cannot answer for the consequences.



Great-nieces have been known to hide in the garden while the Imaginary Aunt is asking questions, but nieces should respect the Real Aunt's fantasy-world and do their best to satisfy her curiosity. She herself says that it is only taking an interest and she ought to know.

I have found that each aunt has her own pet, individual affliction to which she has become strongly attached. Each of my eight, for instance, has her own preference: My Feet, My Breathing, My Digestion, etc., etc., and is inclined to be jealous of the ailments suffered by the others.

The wisest way of dealing with this is to encourage the aunts to *pool* their ailments, sharing notes and comparing symptoms. In our home the Indigestion Aunt, for example, sometimes listens for as long as a minute to the Breathing Aunt's chest, and in her turn expects and receives similar courtesy and attention. Thus each aunt gets a glimpse into the other aunts' world. They do not want it, but at least it keeps them quiet while I get my feet up and rush through the fashion magazines.

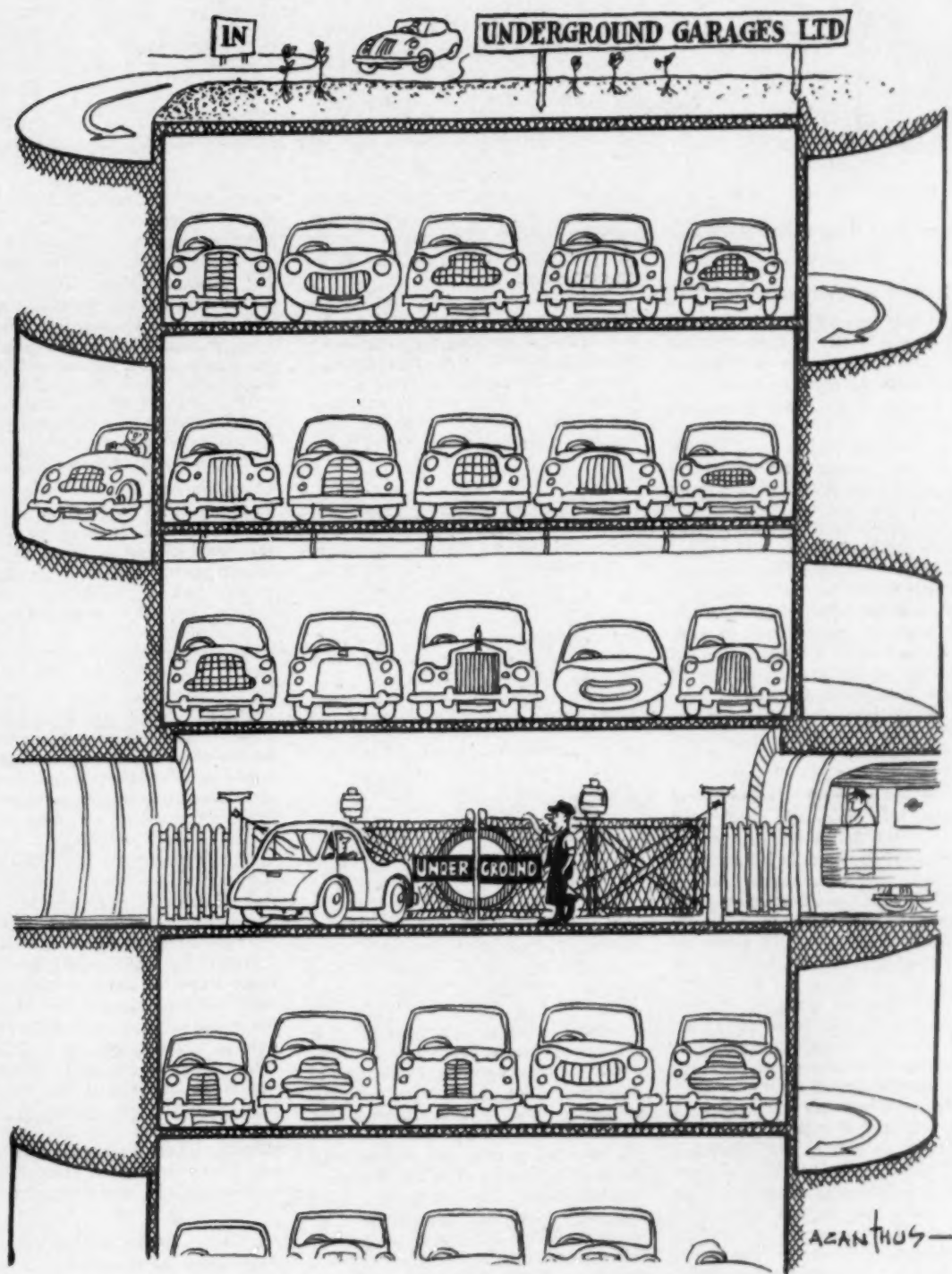
Do try, I beg of you, not to let your aunts completely submerge you. I approve of nieces having some share in the life of the outside world. If you have been at an office five and a half days out of the seven, arriving there rather early and working late, you will return to your aunt more refreshed, I believe, at the week-end than if you have been sitting at home with her all week. Some aunts, of course, may have collapsed under the strain of not having known exactly what you were doing every moment of the day while you were absent, but is this a disadvantage?

If you have no office to run to, try a large bottle of dandelion cordial. I would not, of course, imply that I could not look after my own eight rosy rascals without its help, but it *does* help.

STELLA GIBBONS

## Now We've Only One Worry

"Tired of City Life? £9,500 will buy unique Cotswold Country Pub and freedom from worry."—*Daily Telegraph*



"They might have known the Piccadilly runs through every couple of minutes!"





## BOOKING OFFICE

### There'll Always Be a Cap d'Antibes

*The Memoirs of Aga Khan.* Cassell, 21/-

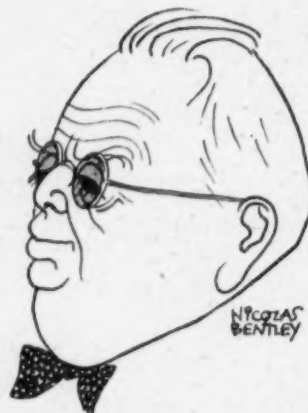
**O**F autobiographies of the eminent it may justly be said that the worse they are the better. I at any rate like them to be studded with "Mr. (now Sir)," and to contain on every page at least one sentence like "As I myself said to Lord Halifax when he was Foreign Secretary, 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'"

In this field *The Memoirs of Aga Khan* is a collector's item. Not a name which has flitted across the pages of newspapers in the last three decades is left out, and the Aga Khan's "dear old friends" would, placed end to end, reach from Nice to Cannes. It is an enchanting, an exhilarating, display of bromides and banalities such as have rarely before been collected together. There is nothing to get hold of, nowhere to find a foothold. In the words of the late Ramsay MacDonald ("At the height of his power . . . aplomb and adroitness . . . diplomatic skill and finesse . . . not unlike the driver who has eight spirited horses in his coaching team and is aware that any couple can and probably will go off on its own and seek to pull the coach in a totally different direction from that which he intends") it is a case of "wandering and roaming in my library to be alone." One flounders about, managing to seize a paragraph here, a sentence there; one marvels at so prodigious a capacity to say nothing about anyone or anything at such unconscionable length.

There is a natural inclination to wonder what sort of book the Aga Khan might have written. Not everyone, after all, combines being a kind of deity with being a racehorse owner and what newspapers used to call (especially when one of the species got into trouble) a "well-known clubman." Not everyone is weighed, successively, in silver, gold, platinum and diamonds, growing ever more substantial the while. The innocent cannot but suppose that such

an odd situation in life must be capable of an exciting, or at any rate unusual, autobiographical presentation. Behind the peeling, stucco façade they divine an exotic interior.

And, of course, they are almost certainly wrong. Interior and exterior have a way of perfectly matching in this imperfect world. The Aga Khan, I suspect, really has given a true account of his life as he lived it. This is the true, the authentic he—this bumbling, platitudinous tiller in the vineyard of public



affairs; this Imam who was dazzled by the intellectual brilliance of King Edward VIII and the charm of Mrs. Simpson ("Surely his former Majesty, King Edward VIII, who lost and sacrificed so much, has been granted, if not the supreme, at any rate the lesser and by no means unworthy blessing and illumination of a durable and all-enfolding love"); who through the successive stages of a dissolving Empire has managed to make his number with the faint luminaries of its dissolution.

There was, for instance, Lord Reading "with the august aura of prestige which his status as an ex-Viceroy gave him." There was Gandhi, in whose "philosophical outlook and political work there were certain profound inconsistencies, which all his life he strove, without complete success, to

reconcile." There was Lord Mountbatten "wrestling to bring about a solution, deploying all his tact and persuasiveness," and Mussolini, and Sir Stafford Cripps, and Jawaharlal Nehru, and Maharajahs without number and even poor Farouk, who "had it in him—if he had had proper guidance in his youth—to be a good and patriotic—perhaps a great—King of Egypt."

One of the very few notes of complaint arises out of the refusal by the Ministry of Agriculture here, at the beginning of the 1939/45 war, to purchase the Aga Khan's whole stable at "not one tenth of their real value, and less than a fifth of the price I was on the verge of getting from the Italian Government." This offer, the Aga Khan writes, "which I believe to have been unique," would "have been of enormous benefit to agriculture, one of Britain's most vital industries in peace and in war." To this day he finds its refusal incomprehensible. Actually, the Italian deal fell through, too, even though it "had considerable support among people of standing." The Aga Khan hoped to invest the proceeds in British war loans—a patriotic gesture which, in the circumstances, could not be made. It would be interesting to turn up the file (supposing it still exists) in the Ministry of Agriculture dealing with the Aga Khan's offer of his stud at a knock-down price in the winter of 1939/40.

From Lord Elgin to Mr. Krishna Menon is a large span ("My life in many ways has been a bridge across vastly differing epochs . . . I had a full life in the Victorian era, and am leading now an equally full life in this new Elizabethan era"), and though the Aga Khan has little of note or interest to say about it, one cannot but marvel at the toughness which has carried him through. There'll always be an England, and, I hope for his sake, a Cap d'Antibes.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

### Rather a Stick

*The Course of Love.* Rachel Trickett. Constable, 13/6

The reader of Miss Trickett's carefully written novel is likely to find himself affected much as he might be by

an exhibition of pencil drawings. The immediate impression may be pleasurable, but too soon the absence of colour, the flatness of tone, the very skill of the work, become wearisome, and only sensational subject matter is likely to keep him from slipping away.

Miss Trickett's subject matter is not sensational. She tells the story of a young man who, failing to love one woman, turns to another, younger and more beautiful, but, losing the second, begins to appreciate the first. The young man, Stephen, is rather a stick whose intellectuality we have to take on trust; it is not easy to see why either woman should care for him. The female characters are more sharply drawn and Stephen's sister, Elizabeth, even has substance, but the numerous conversations, spoken without any individual voice, are commonplace and could be drastically cut without loss to anyone. Second novels are notoriously unsatisfactory, so we may hope that Miss Trickett's third will reproduce the quality of her first.

O.M.

**Venice and Venetia.** Edward Hutton. *Hollis and Carter*, 21/-

Mr. Hutton's fourteenth book on Italy is a loving *Baedeker*. It should satisfy the most energetic visitor who follows the ghost of Evelyn down the Merceria, "one of the most delicious streets in the world for the sweetness of it." We enter church after church and palace after palace, to see an altarpiece by Bellini, a mural by Titian. There Chateaubriand is said to have lived, here Browning died, there Wagner wrote part of *Tristan und Isolde*. Here is the new tower of St. Mark, built to replace the campanile which subsided years ago, its bricks little more than dust, blown through and through by the sea wind: and those who reach its summit may refresh themselves with the sight which delighted the diarist in the seventeenth century: "this miraculous city lying in the bosom of the sea in the shape of a lute, the numberless islands tacked together by 450 bridges."

Mr. Hutton might have replaced a few pages of fact by a few more pages of feeling, but his love of Venice percolates his details, and makes his chronicle more than informative reading.

J. R.

**The Identity of Yeats.** Richard Ellmann. *Macmillan*, 25/-

Mr. Ellmann has followed his *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* with a crisp and sensible study of the transmutation and persistence of Yeats's imagery. He even succeeds in explaining Yeats's use of crank cosmologies. "The poet must himself undertake what Coleridge required only of the reader, the willing suspension of disbelief." Whatever their objectivity, the myths and symbols were valid psychologically. The hieratic element in Yeats was never merely a

retreat into costumed play. "Pageants in Yeats have a way of turning into realities."

It is one of the virtues of a very good book that Mr. Ellmann's admiration, which is strong enough to support some witty irreverences, works through the individual poems towards the aesthetic and philosophical structure which the ceaseless experiment perfected; it was a bigger thing than most seriatim readers of Yeats have recognized. While he is carefully expounding the evolving structure of a lyric, Mr. Ellmann is always conscious of the place its various revisions occupied in the emergent design. Yeats's poetry underlies Yeats's poems like motion beneath matter.

R. G. G. P.

**Wrong Passport.** Ralph Brewster. *Cohen and West*, 16/-

Ralph Brewster was American bred, officially Italian and by inclination an internationalist. He spent nearly the whole war in Budapest, without official existence and always dodging the authorities. The resulting book should be stimulating. In fact it is dull and rather exasperating. The English is foreigner's English, fluent but stilted; and neutralism in a man of his race at such a time is unsympathetic in itself.

But the real trouble lies deeper. Any escape story is episodic, and needs unification either by an overwhelming motive or by a strong central personality. Here there is neither. All Brewster wanted was to be left alone; and, despite the introductory tribute, the personality revealed is a slight and irritating one, lacking in candour and humour. Apart from anything else, any man who is a professed and practising astrologer is, to me at least, to be suspected of unsoundness; and it is difficult to attach much importance to Brewster's tribulations against the background of the tremendous events which left him so happily untouched.

P. M. H.

**Low Notes on a High Level.** J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann*, 10/6

This highly involved story is described as a frolic, and the trouble with frolics is that the mere looker-on feels a bit out of things. It is really a farcical satire on the B.B.C.'s music department, a sitting target which suffers some painful hits. But in the end the author is enjoying himself too much with the farce to pursue the satire, and the reader is left to trot



"It's typical of Daphne Wetherell—staying at a motel when everyone knows they haven't got a car."

half enviously behind. There is some good situational fun and a wealth of happily-turned phrases. Those who can plunge into the high spirits of the thing and grasp a peg to suspend their disbelief on will find the effort exhausting but rewarding.

J. B. B.

**The Romantic Egoists.** Louis Auchincloss. *Gollancz*, 10/6

Subtitled "A reflection in eight mirrors," this book consists of a series of character studies, recalling somewhat the method—though hardly the style—of Sir Harold Nicolson's *Some People*. Each portrait is designed to correspond with a different phase of the narrator's life, from school-days to early middle-age; the book is thus a kind of oblique autobiography, in which each of the characters provides a "mirror" for the writer's own personality. The trick is adroitly managed, though the narrator remains—by intention, one imagines—hardly more than a lay figure; the blurb compares him with some justice to Mr. Isherwood, but "Peter Westcott," though he writes with a pleasing modesty and detachment, hardly achieves the reflected vividness of "Herr Issyvo" in the Berlin stories.

None the less, *The Romantic Egoists* provides a witty and intelligent survey of the American upper class from the early 'thirties to the present day; Mr. Auchincloss writes a lucid and often elegant prose which strikes one as cosmopolitan rather than indigenous—an impression reinforced by the fact that he so obviously dislikes most of his characters. An enjoyable and well-written book which might have been better: the "reflections," one feels, sharply focused though they are, remain mere reflections—two-dimensional, and just a little too bright and glossy to be mistaken for the real thing.

J. B.

#### HUMOROUS ART

THE British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be on show at the Odeon Cinema, Leeds, from to-day until October 9. It includes 250 original drawings by 115 British and American artists. Admission is free.

## AT THE PLAY



*Separate Tables* (ST. JAMES'S)  
*The Party Spirit* (PICCADILLY)

HOW admirable that TERENCE RATTIGAN, in spite of one popular success after another, isn't content with the mixture as before. His second experiment in a double bill is called *Separate Tables*, and its two one-act plays, *Table by the Window* and *Table Number Seven*. Both are set in the same private hotel at the seaside and both have the same background characters. Neither piece has the poignancy, the rare sureness of touch, of *The Browning Version*, but together—if Mr. RATTIGAN needs such a testimonial—they strengthen his reputation. They are both comedies verging on the tragic, both are inspired by a lively sympathy for battered humanity, and both, with the colloquial matter-of-factness in which this author can express psychological states so much more accurately than the professional psychologist, add something to our understanding of the human dilemma.

As much as hotels themselves, plays about them commonly suffer from stock-types. It is one of Mr. RATTIGAN's assets that, where another dramatist might be tempted to drag in the eccentric, he is content to take a stock-type and decorate it freshly. The people staying in his hotel, the faded, genteel ladies, the aristocratic old tipster in tweeds, the pedantic retired schoolmaster, all live.

In *Table by the Window* a hard and

desperately unhappy young woman arrives in pursuit of her ex-husband. She has got as far as drugs; this is her final throw. Already these two have proved themselves chemical incompatibles. She is a perverse icicle, spoilt and unreliable, he a decent, hot-blooded ex-docker earlier so maddened by her as to ruin a promising career in politics by clouting her a little too hard on the head. Now he is simply a soak, with a column in a pink weekly. They are still deeply in love, and still violently opposed. The second scene, in which he knocks her down again, is exciting, but not in the least moving; I think because up to this point the girl, though superficially beautifully played by MARGARET LEIGHTON, remains rather a shadowy figure. The last scene is much better, when, broken beyond all pretence, they sit alone in the absurd dining-room of the Beauregard, and decide in all humility to try again. To this decision they are steered—chiefly offstage, unfortunately—by the manageress, the man's present mistress, a woman of almost superhuman goodness and wisdom who is later to resolve the second play as well. Not, as T. S. Eliot might have made her, an omniscient crystal-gazer from Bethnal Green, but a downright person who has taken hard knocks and learned by them. In this scene Miss LEIGHTON is splendid. ERIC PORTMAN is wonderfully good all through the play, giving us vividly the man's private shame and misery without a trace of overstatement. And BERYL

MEASOR's fairy godmother has a quiet directness which is always effective.

*Table Number Seven*, which I found less contrived and considerably more moving, is mainly about two people who in their different ways are pathologically afraid of life. One is the dim, crushed daughter of the hotel busybody, the other an ex-ranker who bolsters his uncertainties with a careful façade of military pretences, his pathetic hobby misbehaviour in the darker seats of cinemas. These two characters are drawn with great acuteness, and acted superbly by Miss LEIGHTON and Mr. PORTMAN, the former turning herself beyond recognition into a dowdy, twitching creature subtly wrong at every point. The bogus major is caught, and bound over; the hotel divides on his expulsion (a curiously dramatic business); and as the faction led by the busybody seems about to win, the manageress again shows her uncommon mettle. In their infirmity the girl and the major painfully draw together. Plain mister, he stays on. As in the first play, the final scene is in the dining-room, now full and in an agony of embarrassment and irritation. Mr. RATTIGAN finds his best form in the hard-won courage of the major, the almost explosive force of the girl's first timid rebellion against her mother, and in the thaw which steals gradually from table to table. As the curtain comes down the girl, looking at the major, haltingly refers to the moon. Well, perhaps.

A few adroit cross-references link the plays. The comic scenes are telling and very judiciously inserted, and the medium-minor characters are in such sure hands as PHYLLIS NELSON-TERRY, MAY HALLATT, JANE ECCLES and AUBREY MATHER. PETER GLENVILLE's production leaves nothing for the critic. The only worry I have about the Beauregard is why, with such a pearl of a manageress, its catering was in such a constant muddle.

In their latest entanglement RALPH LYNN and ROBERTSON HARE cry havoc in the House of Commons. *The Party Spirit*, by PETER JONES and JOHN JOWETT, starts slowly but picks up speed in several good situations. More about it next week.

## Recommended

*Hedder Gabler* (Lyric, Hammersmith) in a notable production; *Macbeth* (Old Vic) in kilts; *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure* (St. Martin's) in delicately barbed satire. ERIC KEOWN

## AT THE OPERA

*Così Fan Tutte*  
 (ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL)

THE plot of *Così* is toothsome, cynical and symmetrical enough; yet when the music is taken into account the structure has a considerable defect. Nothing that comes later (and, for that matter, little in the whole of MOZART) has anything like the hushed,



Miss Railton-Bell—Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON Major Pollock—MR. ERIC PORTMAN  
 Mrs. Shankland—Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON



cerulean beauty of two early numbers. I refer to the quintet (*Di scrivermi ogni giorno*) in which Fiordiligi and Dorabella conjure their departing lovers to write them daily, and the trio (*Soave sia il vento*) in which, escorted still by that smooth mischief-maker Don Alfonso, they wave farewell from the shore, invoking propitious zephyrs and a prosperous voyage. When these numbers are finely sung this hearer, for one, has to fight down a feeling of anti-climax for the rest of the night.

How did things go at the first of the three performances by the Vienna State Opera? Well enough as to the quintet. This was, indeed, Raphael become sound, to revive a Victorian conceit about Mozart. When it came to the trio, however, the fine balance of vocal tone went awry. Some of PAUL SCHÖFFLER's notes in the Alfonso part, especially the higher ones, stuck out booming and bonily; and it cannot be said that the Dorabella of DAGMAR HERMANN made ideal vocal pairing with Miss SEEFRIED's Fiordiligi.

When the lovers came back in disguise to test the girls' fidelity Miss SEEFRIED peeled off from ensemble and, as a preliminary to weakening, rejected their amorous wheedlings in two solos which displayed her pure, athletic voice to such advantage that the more excitable in the audience roared their heads off. In *Come scoglio*, not so much an aria as a diving bout, she took enormous plunges from high notes to the nether depths of the soprano register with ease and unflawed tone. *Per pietà*, an even greater test of stamina and musicianly nerve, was sung almost as well, rounding off the night's heroics—and parodies; for here, as elsewhere in *Così*, MOZART makes exquisite game of his own tragic and *malinconico* styles.

Mr. KUNZ and Mr. SIMONEAU were droll, melodious lovers. There are few tenors who can make a note swell in the middle, then deflate, as gracefully as Mr. SIMONEAU. But a word of caution. This effect, over-cultivated, is beginning to stick out like a diamond scarf-pin.

CHARLES REID



## AT THE PICTURES

*The Purple Plain*  
*Salt of the Earth*

**M**Y first inclination was to say that *The Purple Plain* (Director: ROBERT PARRISH) was one of the very few war films to be genuinely adult in feeling; and yet when examined the story proves to be largely about characters whose motives the simplest could understand, and to consist of incidents most of which, so far from being likely to baffle, are almost familiar.

Nevertheless this very good film (screenplay by ERIC AMBLER from H. E. BATES's novel) does have an air of being meant for audiences able to grasp the point of a war story that does not rely for

its climax on the striking of some kind of blow against the enemy; and that is rare enough.

The scene is Burma in 1945, and the central figure is an R.A.F. Squadron-leader (Canadian, to explain the accent of GREGORY PECK) who is, to put it mildly, an unsettling influence. Having lost his wife in a London air-raid, he does not mind what risks he takes or leads others into: "I wanted to die," as he explains later, "but I got medals instead."

He is given a reason for living by meeting a beautiful Burmese girl (WIN MIN THAN), and almost immediately has to deal with a situation in which it would be very easy indeed to die. On the way with a passenger to another base, he crash-lands his plane in enemy territory. It is the passenger who recommends waiting on the spot for problematical rescue; the squadron-leader insists that they should set out, carrying the wounded navigator between them, to try to walk back to camp.

Much of the film is an account of this nightmare journey, and it is magnificently done. There is no sympathy between the three men: the young navigator has had no reason to change his impression at their first meeting, when the squadron-leader became enraged at the mere sight of him, and the passenger is a flight-lieutenant (MAURICE DENHAM, admirable in his first really serious part) who has long been on the Canadian's nerves. Emotional tension combines with the grinding physical troubles of their progress across country to give these scenes extraordinary force; but the earlier part of the picture too is made almost equally impressive in its different key. BRENDA DE BANZIE gives an excellent portrait of a resolutely cheerful Scottish missionary, there are other well-done minor parts, and again and again the Technicolor is used to beautiful effect (Director of Photography: GEOFFREY UNSWORTH)—on every scale, from the cloudscape to the shot of a jug of lime-juice.

*Salt of the Earth* (Director: HERBERT J. BIBERMAN) is unlikely to get any completely unbiased appreciation either from audiences or in print. No one can help being influenced either one way or the other by the fact that it is said to be "Communist-inspired."

Let me do my best: if I can annoy both sides, that will be something. This seems to me a perfectly good story, propagandist but ably and ingeniously worked out, well acted and quite gripping. It deals with a miners' strike in New Mexico, and skilfully balances the three themes of the men against the bosses, the wives against their husbands, and the Mexican workers against the better-treated whites. For this, and for the sincerity of the acting (some of it non-professional), the picture deserves praise. The main troubles are two: the metaphorically muffling effect of an earnestly

REDFEY



[The Purple Plain

Anna—WIN MIN THAN

didactic tone in some of the dialogue, and the literally muffling effect of poor sound reproduction, which makes a great deal of it hard to follow anyway.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Romeo and Juliet* is the big news in London; I think pretty well of it (arguments next week). With *Salt of the Earth* is JAMES BROUGHTON's hilarious short (38 minutes) fantasy *The Pleasure Garden*. Other new ones in London are *Ripening Seed* (regrettable English title for CLAUDE AUTANT-LARA's *Le Blé en Herbe*), a pleasantly-done perceptive piece about very young love—"X," to keep out anybody as young as the principal characters; and *Suddenly*, an effective suspense story with FRANK SINATRA good in an unsympathetic part. On the *Waterfront* (22/9/54) and *Sabrina Fair* (22/9/54) continue.

Top release: *The Young Lovers* (8/9/54), very good indeed.

RICHARD MALLETT



## ON THE AIR

Paeans Unlimited

TELEVISION'S most important contribution to serious entertainment is the social documentary. No doubt about it. If we exclude mass parlour games from consideration (pleasant thought) the documentary must be regarded as TV's only original feature. Every other type of programme, from "Press Conference" to "Quite Contrary," has been borrowed from some other medium, from the theatre, the cinema or sound radio. The television documentary is unique; it is also the most satisfactory and most promising item in the entire repertoire of Lime Grove.

I am aware that the stuffy and misleading term "documentary" has been in use for many years, and that worthy and instructive films and radio programmes were devised long before the cathode-ray tube became a popular domestic gadget; but the documentaries of the commercial cinema and sound radio resemble those of TV only in their germinal *raison d'être*. Radio documentaries are little more than documents in sound: they are limited in appeal and effectiveness because they must state their case without the warm, convincing assistance of atmosphere and characterization. Most listeners find them difficult: there are too many disembodied voices to be identified, too many points of view to be imagined. Within its single dimension sound radio often works wonders, but its documentaries fail whenever their *mise en scène* is unfamiliar to the listener (and how many of us have clear mental images of such documentary raw material as the law courts, prisons, slums, doss-houses, jive halls, seamen's hostels and young



"Newcomers . . . are suspicious of documentaries . . ."

people's clubs?), and fail again whenever they try to put over more than the barest outline of the subject.

Cinema documentaries, the by-products of feature film production, are sometimes instructive, sometimes works of art, but they never pretend to do more than hint at the social problems of our age. Cinema-goers will not stomach queer "shorts": a few minutes of technicoloured sunset or of animals in their native haunts, yes, but anything thought-provoking elicits an indignant "We haven't paid good money to come here and be educated!"

Newcomers to television are also suspicious of documentaries, and there is still much switching-off of receivers whenever a programme such as "Can I Have a Lawyer?" is announced. But television can afford to thumb its nose at "box-office," and, what is more important, can afford to feature its documentaries in programmes lasting an hour and more.

Given this protection and scope the script-writers and producers can spread themselves happily. The hard core of the argument can be made palatable, facts and figures can be dramatized, humanized, and important points can be pressed home by numerous light blows. Every picture tells a story. And the result is that documentaries have become one of TV's most popular offerings. Steady viewers demand more of them.

Unfortunately, the output is unlikely to increase. These programmes are difficult to write and to produce; they call for patient research, much rehearsal and the most precise admixture of film and studio sequences. The performers must be "anonymous" (not obvious celebrities) yet expert actors; the incidents depicted must be true to life without being recognizable case histories.

"Can I Have a Lawyer?", written by Jennifer Wayne and produced by Caryl Doncaster, was as absorbing as a good film and as instructive and useful as a week-end school. Bravo!

New viewers are apt to be highly critical of the work of TV's drama department. "You told us that we'd get plenty of Ibsen, Shaw, Wilde, Maugham, Shakespeare and so on! Well, where are they?" They are sceptical when I reel off a list of the dramatic dishes served up in the good old days of television.

In their interest and mine I urge Lime Grove to develop and extend its habit of repetition—so marked in its presentation of hoary films, stale jokes and parlour games—into the field of drama. There are thousands of new viewers every week. One *Troilus and Cressida* does not make a summer.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



DISKAS

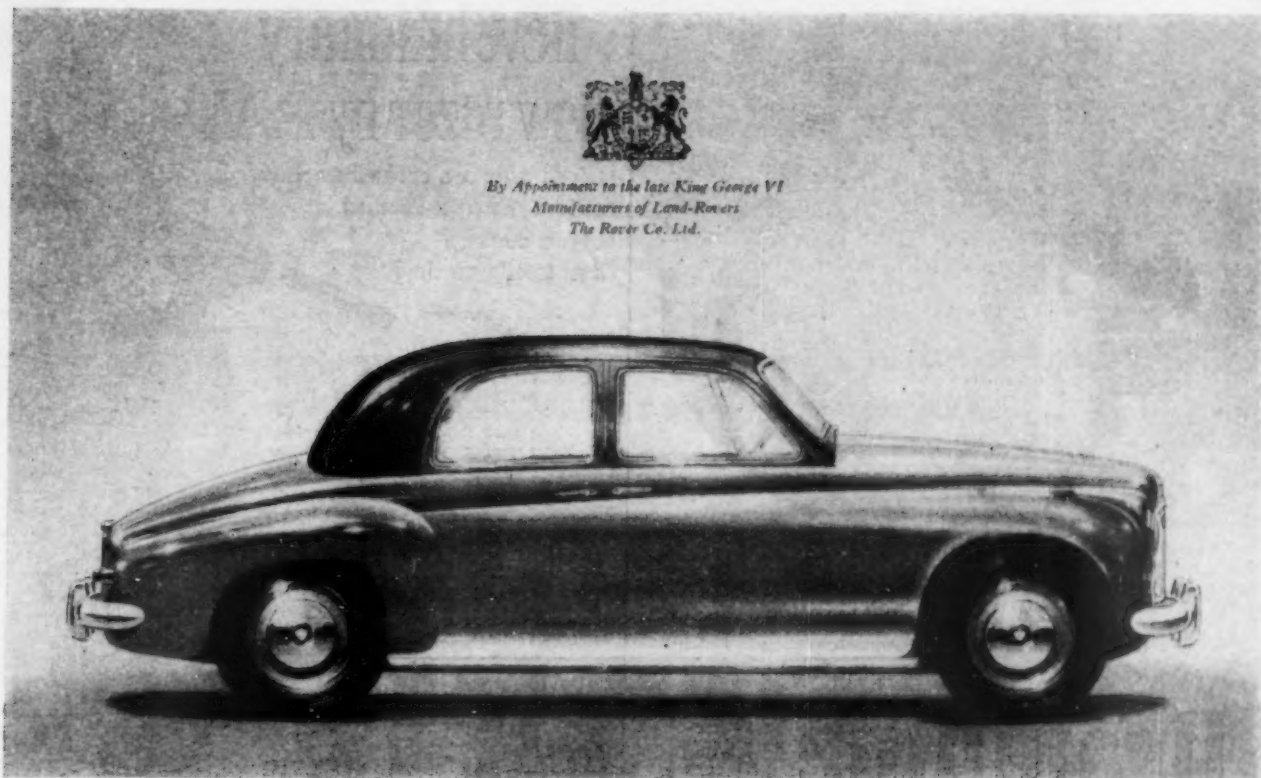
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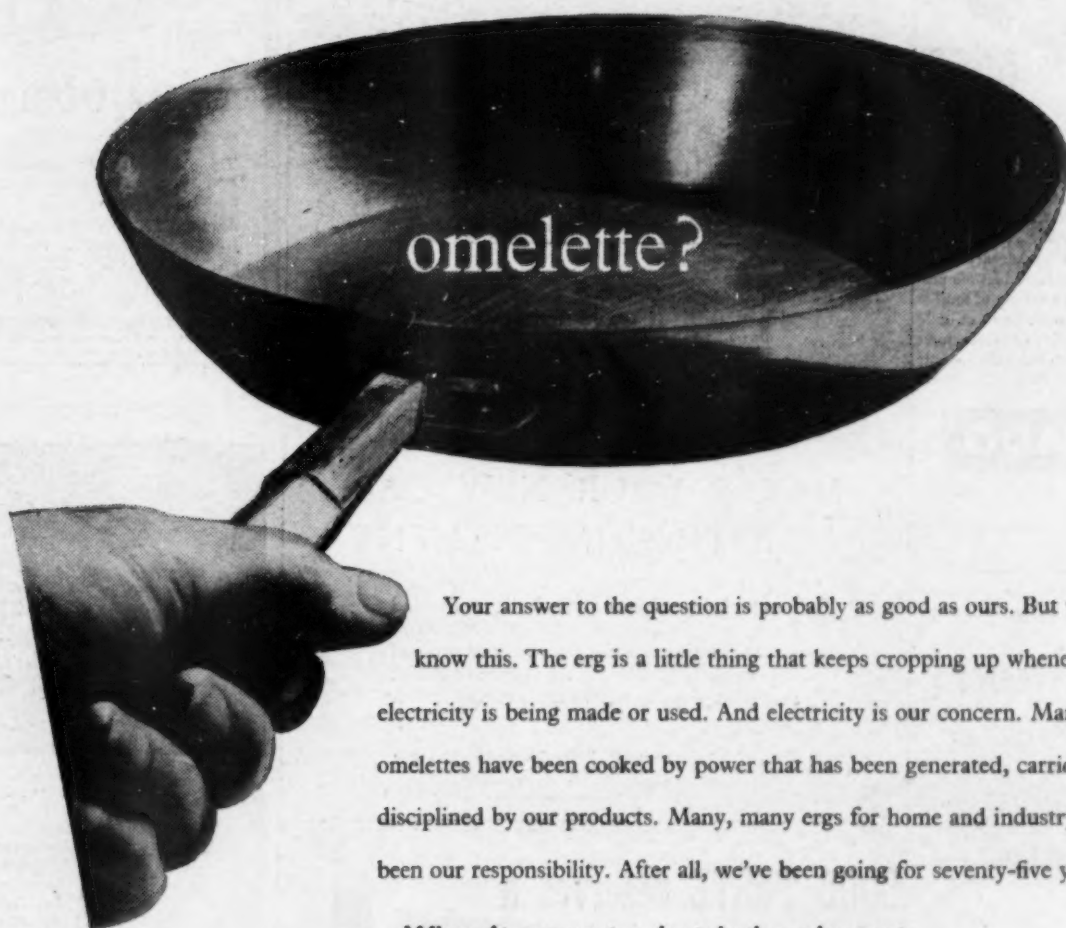


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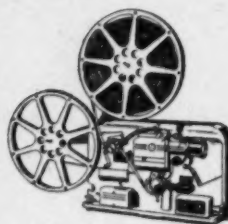
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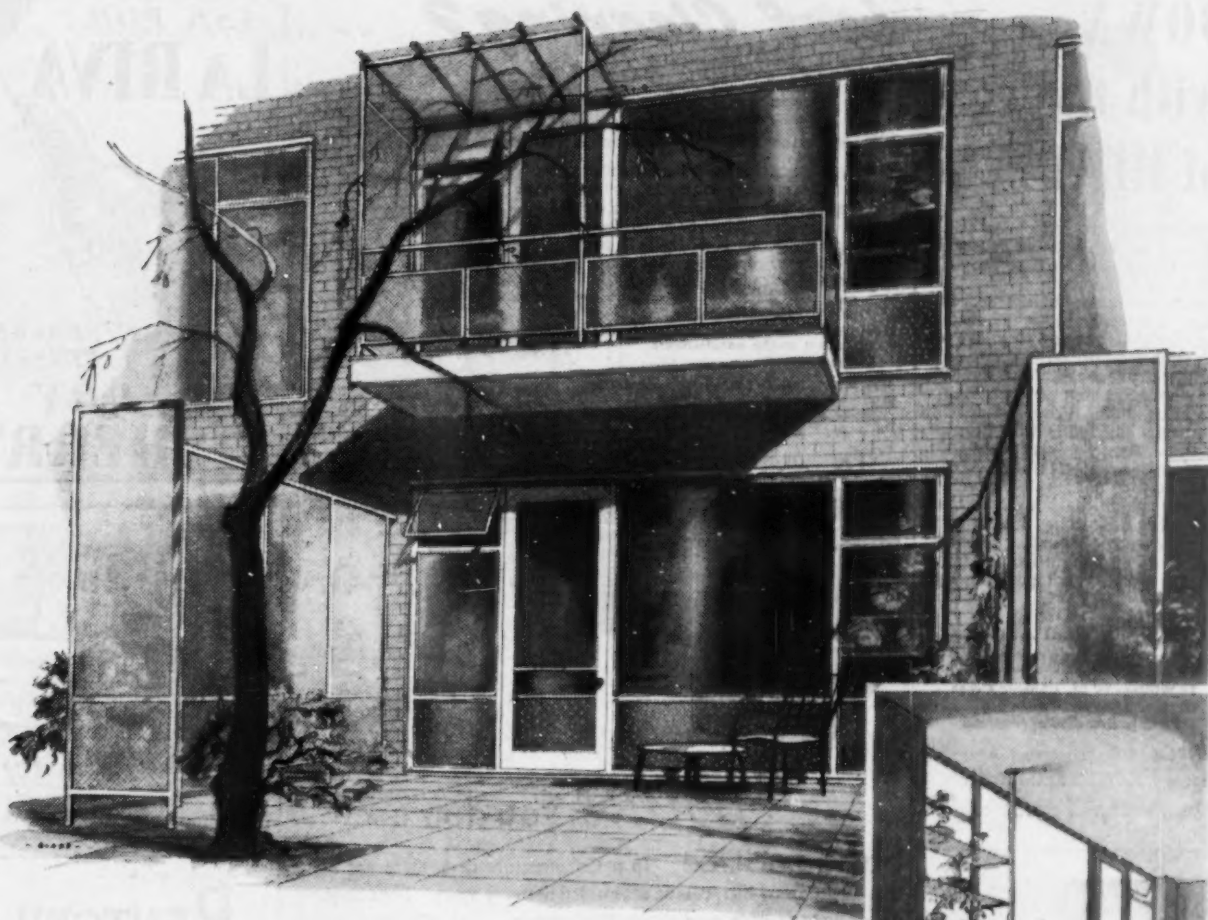
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more expensive kinds of dwelling. (In simple fact, glass is a very cheap building material). First Mr. Conder achieves a feeling of spaciousness and continuity between house and garden by giving the sitting room full height windows and a glass door. All lower panels are of "Spotlyte" patterned glass to sparkle attractively in the morning sun, and the door has the added interest of a rich green "Signal" glass panel.

The link between building and garden is emphasised by the use of a framed rough-cast glass screen to make what is now virtually an out-door room. The neighbours can't see in, but the sunlight can — in short we have our privacy, but without the dinginess and poky,

narrow look of town brick walls. Here flowers can flourish and a family can sunbathe — or sit down to tea.

There is privacy again on the first-floor balcony, made of *wired* rough-cast glass with a wired glass canopy to protect the open door and the baby from a sudden shower. But perhaps the single, simple detail, which, more than any other, marks out this design as "contemporary", is the transformation of the side windows by a few rough-cast shelves into indoor conservatories. There is almost no limit to the possibilities of building glass, nor to its variety of thicknesses, patterns, textures and degrees of obscurity. It is sound-absorbing, clean and agreeable to look at. When you consider building — consider glass.

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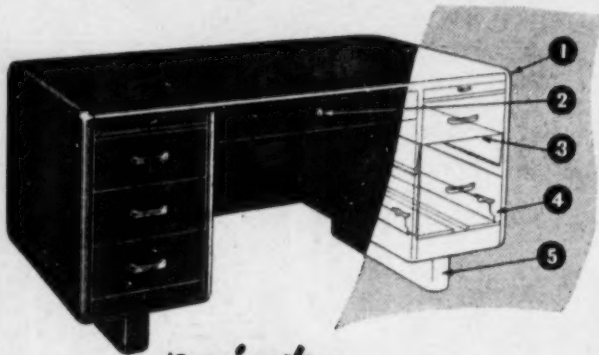
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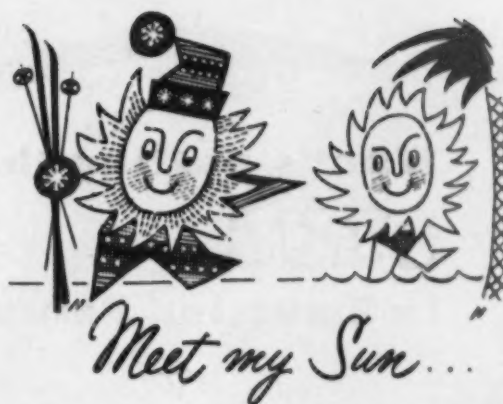


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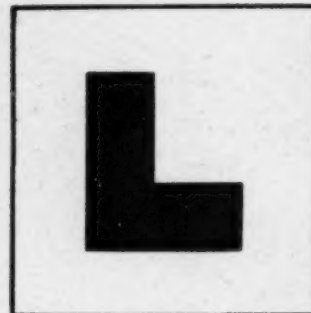
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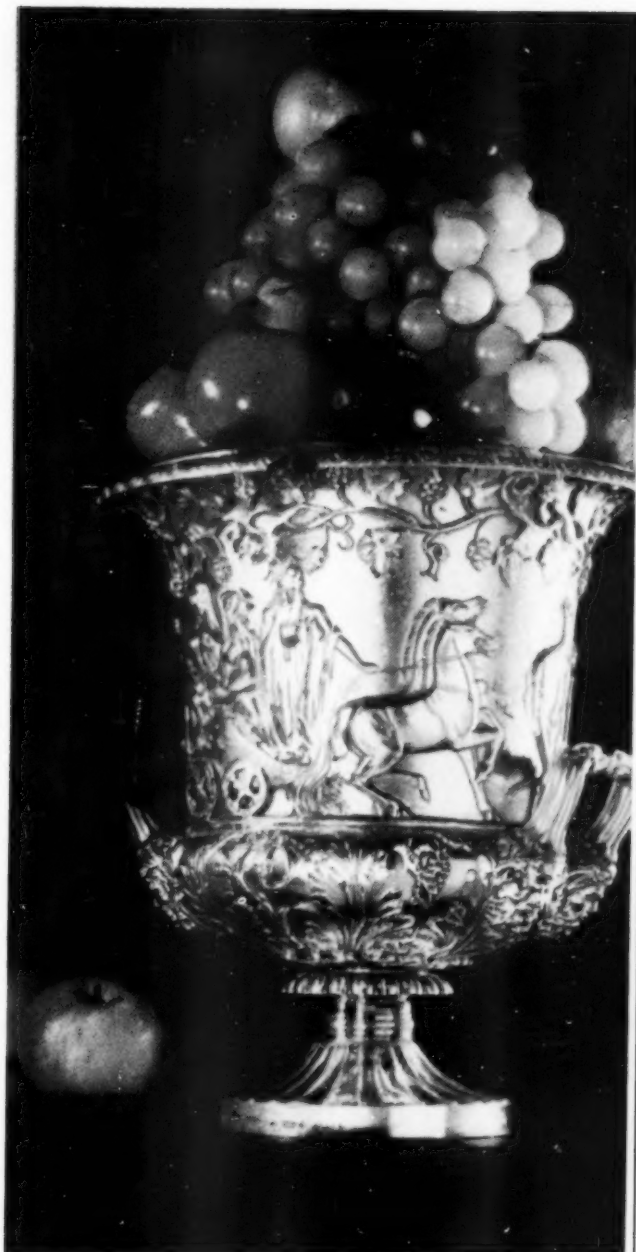
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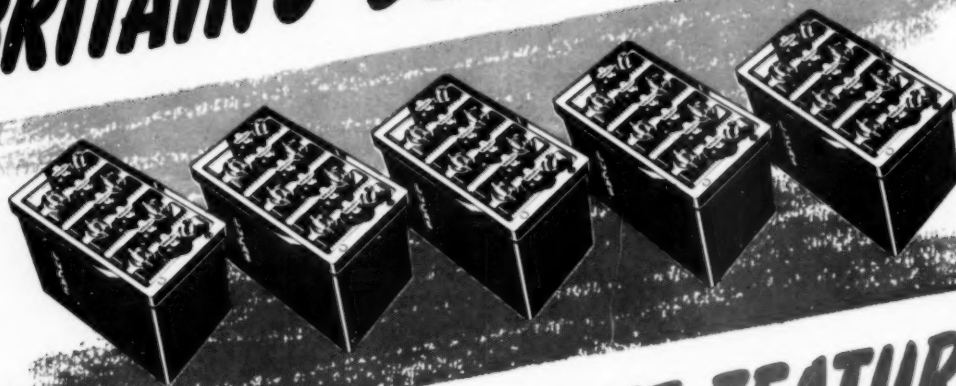
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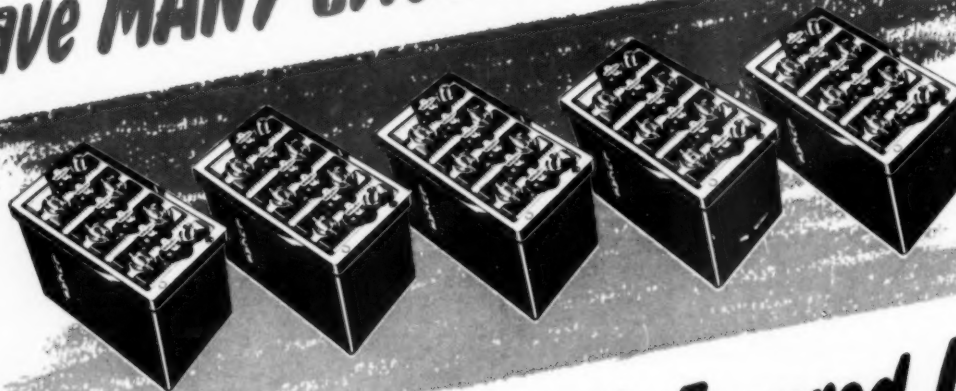


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